

2663

STELL'S
LIVING
AGE.

LITTELL & CO.,
No. 31 Bedford Street,
BOSTON.

GOLBURN'S
NEW MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

LONDON MAGAZINE

LANDSMITH'S
MAGAZINE

THE
ECLECTIC
REVIEW.

BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH
MAGAZINE

FRASER'S
MAGAZINE

THE
PROSPECTIVE
REVIEW.

DUBLIN
MAGAZINE.

Harlow's
LITERARY
REGISTER.

THE
QUARTERLY
REVIEW

THE
EDINBURGH
REVIEW

REVUE
DES MONDES

GOLBURN'S
UNITED STATES
MAGAZINE

Magazine

BENTLEY'S
MISCELLANY

THE
SPORTING
MAGAZINE

BAKER-SMITH AND CO.

BOSTON

A Last Opportunity

For Public Libraries
To Secure a
Complete Set of



LITTELL'S LIVING AGE

At a Nominal Price.

In order to secure a set this offer must be promptly accepted.

An extremely limited number of **Complete Sets** of *The Living Age* remain unsold. In order to dispose of these *at once* the publishers offer them to Libraries at 60 *per cent* less than the regular price, viz:

In numbers, or sheets, ready for binding, at 80 cents per volume; or, bound in black cloth, gilt backs, at \$1.20 per vol.

For the greater convenience of Libraries, already possessing any part of the work published since the close of the Fourth Series, 31st of Dec., 1872, the publishers will fill an order *at the same rate* for the first four series, consisting of 115 vols., and such subsequent vols., if any, as may be desired, to the close of year 1894.

It is hardly necessary to say to those acquainted with the work, that the same amount of such valuable reading cannot otherwise be purchased with many times the money for which it is here offered; and the attention of those interested in State, City, Town, College or School Libraries, is particularly called to this last opportunity of supplying their shelves with a complete work which it is believed no library in the country can (under this offer) afford to be without.

When packing boxes are necessary in forwarding Sets, the cost of the boxes will be added to the bill.

Address,

LITTELL & CO.,

P. O. Box 5206, Boston, Mass.



LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series, }
Volume VII. }

No. 2663. — July 20, 1895.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CCVI. }

CONTENTS.

I. ADVERTISING AS A TRESPASS ON THE PUBLIC. By Richardson Evans, . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> , . . .	131
II. A MAN OF PROMISE. By Robert Hichens, . . .	<i>Temple Bar</i> , . . .	140
III. TWO GREAT SHIKARIS, . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . .	150
IV. CONCERNING "DUPPIES." By Alice Spinner, . . .	<i>National Review</i> , . . .	161
V. MONTAIGNE'S ADOPTED DAUGHTER. By F. J. Hudleston, . . .	<i>Belgravia</i> , . . .	169
VI. NOTES ON J. G. LOCKHART, . . .	<i>Temple Bar</i> , . . .	177
VII. NAPOLEON ON BOARD H.M.S. BELLE-ROPHON, . . .	<i>United Service Magazine</i> , . . .	184

POETRY.

THE LAST PARADE, . . .	130	WHEAT AND CLOVER, . . .	130
MILKING TIME, . . .	130	THE SHADOW ROSE, . . .	130

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single copies of the LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

THE LAST PARADE.

I.

THEY were days to be remembered,
 When at sound of trumpet-call,
 Young recruits we left the village,
 Bent on glory one and all.
 And the music round us flashing
 Made us feel that evermore
 Our lives were worth the living
 As they never were before.
 I remember the day
 When we rode all away,
 To the dreams that the music made,
 And our hopes one and all,
 When the old trumpet call
 Rang out clear for our first parade.

II.

It was glorious while it lasted,
 But the years went by too soon, —
 Youth should stay a little longer
 When a lad's a bold dragoon.
 Then, like shadows from us drifting,
 Comrades fell in foreign land.
 Home again ! the roll call found us
 But a broken little band.
 As we rode down the street
 To the old measured beat,
 It was tears that the music made,
 And it seemed like a prayer
 For the lads who would ne'er
 Stand again by our side on parade !

III.

But the marching days are over.
 Veterans ! now at ease we stand,
 Till the order comes for marching
 To the last and restful land.
 Only when the troops are passing,
 Our ninety years we all forget,
 And the old familiar music
 Makes us feel we're soldiers yet.
 And we're young once again
 As we hark to the strain,
 Till the sounds in the distance fade.
 So we wait one and all
 For the last trumpet call
 That shall sound for the last parade.
 Temple Bar. J. L. MOLLOY.

MILKING TIME.

COME, pretty Phyllis, you are late ! —
 The cows are crowding round the gate ;
 An hour, or more, the sun has set ;
 The stars are out ; the grass is wet ;
 The glow-worms shine ; the beetles hum ;
 The moon is near — come, Phyllis, come !

The black cow thrusts her brass-tipp'd
 horns

Among the quick and bramble thorns ;
 The dun cow rubs the padlock-chain ;
 The red cow shakes her bell again,
 And round and round the hawthorn-tree
 The white cow bellows lustily.

The wistful nightingales complain
 From bush to bush along the lane ;
 The ringdoves coo from fir to fir,
 And cannot sleep because of her ;
 The evejars prate on ev'ry side —
 O Phyllis, where do you abide ?

Now fairies, fays, elves, goblins, go
 And find out where she lingers so,
 And pinch her nose and chin and ears,
 Nor heed her cries nor heed her tears ;
 At any farm 'twould be a crime
 To be so late at milking time !

Speaker.

C. W. DALMON.

WHEAT AND CLOVER.

ON one side slept the clover,
 On one side sprang the wheat,
 And I, like a lazy lover,
 Knew not which seemed more sweet, —
 The red caps of the clover,
 Or green gowns of the wheat.

The red caps of the clover,
 They nodded in the heat,
 And as the wind went over
 With nimble, flying feet,
 It tossed the caps of clover,
 And stirred the gowns of wheat.

O rare red caps of clover,
 O dainty gowns of wheat,
 You teach a lazy lover
 How in his lady meet
 The sweetness of the clover,
 The promise of the wheat.

CHARLES KENNETT BURROW.
 Spectator.

THE SHADOW ROSE.

A NOISETTE on my garden path
 An ever swaying shadow throws ;
 But if I pluck it strolling by,
 I pluck the shadow with the rose.

Just near enough my heart you stood
 To shadow it, — but was it fair
 In him, who plucked and bore you off,
 To leave your shadow lingering there ?
 R. C. ROGERS.

From *The Nineteenth Century*.

ADVERTISING AS A TRESPASS ON THE PUBLIC.

WHATEVER may be the fate of the Rural Advertisements Bill in the present session, the subject with which it deals is one which must engage the very serious attention of future Parliaments. It is sometimes assumed — and not always by the kind of people who have a motive for being obtuse — that the determination to check the ravages of the disfiguring advertisers is an amiable foible of a few visionary persons morbidly sensitive to picturesque effect. The very reverse is the truth. The movement is the work of men and women who take their stand on common sense, and are well aware that they cannot carry the dictates, even of right reason, to uncompromising lengths. They are not asserting any new principle in public policy; it is rather their purpose to secure the application of time-honored methods to a department which has till now — simply because the abuse is of recent growth — remained outside the pale of wholesome regulation. In brief, they are engaged in asserting, as a matter of grave and urgent public interest, the effectual protection of one of the chief elements in the national wealth; or, to look at the matter, not as a question of collective property, but of individual liberty, they claim for the seeing eye the same relief from wanton injury as is already afforded in the case of every other organ of sense.

It is well at the outset to lay stress on this essential aspect of our aims. We are, in the strictest sense, champions of the utilities. We are alive to the instincts and the impulses of an industrial and competitive age. We believe in untrammelled production and free exchange; in the march of invention; in a word, in all the fine abstractions which our detractors (for we are not exempt from the invariable penalty of good intentions) fondly picture us as despising or neglecting. We are for civilization as against barbarism, and for progress as against degradation. Above all, we are for individual free-

dom — now, unhappily, impaired by anarchic license.

There is in some minds, apparently, a good deal of confusion as to what constitutes the wealth of the nation. We all see that man needs or enjoys a great many things for the supply of which human exertion is necessary. Most of us would say that in an ideally constituted society every one ought to contribute to the common stock of comfort by a certain amount of effort, and should get as his reward his own share of the benefits resulting from the toils of the others. I, for one, hold that the existing social system gets as near to this standard as the infirmities of mortal man permit. But, unluckily, the arrangement by which labor is remunerated in money wages has developed in many a habit of mind which occasionally leads to very erroneous notions concerning the elements of general well-being. Because for so many things we depend on exertion which has to be directly purchased, and because it is convenient to estimate the value of these services in terms of the currency, people are apt to forget that a very large part of the things that minister to happiness bear no price at all. Bracing air, fine scenery, cannot be sold by the gallon or the square mile, but they form as real a part of the riches of the community that commands them as fine wheaten loaves or dainty books. An able schoolmaster rightly receives a large salary; but who would venture to appraise in figures, or who would question the essential importance of the infinite devotion of a wise and tender mother? A clever cook possesses a marketable accomplishment, but what would be the dinner without the unpriced flow of talk? I must not labor a truth which, once it is asserted, may appear a truism. But elementary as the doctrine is, it is frequently lost sight of in discussions on the manifold phases of the condition-of-the-people problem. It is treated with tacit contempt by those who defend the undisturbed liberty of advertising-disfigurement, and this is my only excuse

for trespassing thus far on the outskirts of social science.

There is no need, surely, of demonstrating that the aspect of unspoilt English country gives genuine delight to multitudes of our people. We are not all susceptible in the same degree to the charm of landscape, but scarcely any one is wholly indifferent to the freshness of the fields and woods. If it were not so, excursion trains and the tourist traffic generally would be phenomena baffling explanation. It is quite true that a great many of the places to which the picnicking masses resort are not patterns of sylvan seclusion. But the good-humor, or, let us say, the equanimity with which the throng of honest folk who are having a day's outing bear the catchpenny eye-sores ought not to be interpreted as deliberate acquiescence. Taste is not confined to one class, and many workmen, whose means do not permit them to escape from the horrors of the wayside, feel as keen a resentment at the wanton fouling of what is fair as the most fastidious artist or the master of a jealously guarded Highland retreat. The simplicity of rural prospect is a portion of the national wealth which it is emphatically a popular interest to save from destruction and impairment. In many ways already the State and the municipalities, as well as private benefactors, have recognized the importance both of developing the sensibility for beauty and of providing facilities for gratifying the implanted tastes. Art museums are kept up at great cost. Encouragement is given in elementary schools to the training of the eye and hand, with a view mainly to help the children to enjoy the gracious aspect of outward things. History is taught, or ought to be taught, in the hope that the study will engender a patriotic pride in connecting the memories of the past with the scenes in which great things were done and endured by our forefathers, or in which generation after generation have lived their unrecorded lives. It is, I assert, an accepted article of public policy to cultivate the very feel-

ings which the plague of placards persistently wounds. Surely it is gross inconsistency, on the part of a nation which prides itself on being practical, to spend a large part of our resources on creating a craving for what is fair and dignified, and then hesitate about repressing abuses which render the culture imparted a source of pain. Consider the amount of labor that is given every year, in every English town, to the maintenance of parks and gardens. Yet our native land, which, till comparatively recent times, was one glorious panorama, is, for want of a little prescience, becoming a mere background for painted boards along the more frequented routes. It is not merely a question of the mischief that has been done already. The saddest and most serious part of the business is, that in the miserable competition of the people who resort to this means of catching custom the evil must grow and spread indefinitely.

The pest, I grant, is not as yet everywhere. The enthusiastic pedestrian can escape easily enough from its immediate presence. There are stretches of country still in which no jarring emblem spoils the harmonious perfection of the landscape. But wherever the beaten track leads there is either recurring disfigurement or the indefinite fear of encountering the detested objects. Just as certain microbes abound in the soil where certain plants are grown, so this fungoid growth fastens on the highroads and the by-ways. If a village becomes a place of pilgrimage by reason of its old-world beauty, forthwith descends upon it the shower of enamelled placards. The weary seekers of sequestered nooks, driven from one retreat to another by the advance of the enemy, discover one year that some fishing hamlet has escaped the sweep of the advertising agent. When they return next summer they are greeted by the odious soap and the execrated pills. One snatches only a precarious respite; what is to multitudes the delight of their lives is held on sufferance at the discretion of the foe who works

in darkness and blazons his deeds in killing light. If it were possible to suppress the resentment which these perpetual affronts are so admirably calculated to cause, and regard the phenomenon in a purely scientific spirit, there would be something to admire in the stupid mechanical tenacity with which the persecutors do their work.

The reader will, I hope, see at once the pertinence to the matter we are considering of the economic truism with which I delayed them on the threshold of our inquiry. If a man tried to draw attention to the fact that he wanted to sell a cough mixture by blowing up the British Museum, he would be punished for destroying property on which the people set great store. Why should he be allowed to destroy another, no less valuable and no less cherished possession—the refreshing charm of rural views? Is nature so ridiculously inferior to art? Is the attempt of the painter to simulate landscape on canvas to be recognized as a legal chattel, and the landscape itself to be treated as a thing of no worth?

Again, to look at the question in another aspect. If the vendor of black-lead follows me down the road, yelling into my ear that his article is incomparably the best, his molestation is, I suppose, actionable. Why should I have no redress when he waylays my eyes with his impudent tablet in vivid blue and white, and annoys not me only, but every one who chances to pass that way? On mere grounds of humdrum comfort we honest ratepayers are surely entitled to the peaceful enjoyment of the highway which has been made at our cost.

It is, alas! no slight or exceptional grievance that we labor under. The attack is directed against rights which are of enormous and ever-growing importance to the well-being of the community. Amid all the obstinate questionings concerning our social state, it has become a commonplace to speak with deep concern of the tendency of population to herd in great cities. Town councillors who would not for worlds be suspected of “æsthetic

proclivities” do not hesitate to avow that undiluted town life is bad, and, with commendable energy, municipalities have set themselves to repair as best they may the loss by laying out parks. No form of benefaction is more highly appreciated than the gift by a local magnate of a pleasure for the masses. Lord Meath’s association and the Kyrle Society have done great things in this way for the metropolis, and that admirable organization which devotes itself to the preservation of commons has saved for posterity many a fine tract of breezy down and many a picturesque old village green. But although these things are welcomed, both as good in themselves and as illustrations of the bent of popular feeling, the net result of the conflict of forces is to leave our urban population infinitely poorer in one of the essential elements of happiness.

The creeping blight of disfigurement has blasted infinitely more beauty than creative energy has brought into being. The measure of the loss is not the mere area of the ground that has been transformed into dumping-ground for catchpenny eyesores. If we wish to estimate aright the extent of the injury done, we have to think of the effect on the opportunities of enjoyment in the every-day life of the average individual. For one trip taken for pure purposes of pleasure, thousands of journeys are undertaken in the ordinary course of business. The view from the window of the railway-carriage used to be a real pleasure to those whom affairs called from one great centre of activity to another. A considerable portion of our city folk live out of town for the sake of escaping from the eternal tokens of competitive strife in the streets. But now the sole avenue of escape has been set thick with the horrors; and the vexatious incongruity of the intrusion adds keenness to the smart. No trifling part of the modern Englishman’s existence is spent in transit to and fro between home and shop, or office, or factory. It is surely the very height of folly, while we are all bewailing the unavoid-

able drawbacks of crowded civilization, to permit this wanton and utterly unproductive sacrifice of our solaces, and addition to our worries. The persistence with which these engines of torment infest our thoroughfares takes away half the pleasures of the deliberate holiday. Granted that there are spots beyond the reach of the profaner, the ordeal of affronts through which the pilgrim has to pass *en route* blunts present delight and spoils the retrospect. To recur to our economic truism, the toleration of disfiguring advertisements causes every day and every hour wholesale destruction of that natural wealth which consists of the restfulness or the beauty of the outlook. We spend millions without grumbling on the maintenance of an army and navy to defend our shores from the foreigner; but by a defect in our system of local government which an act of a few clauses would make good we permit domestic foes to play havoc with our native country. We resent an insult to the flag, but with inexplicable tameness of soul we allow any one (who is mean enough or foolish enough to do the deed) to mar the very face and features of the fatherland. Some there are who talk of restoring the land to the people; let them, first of all, save from sordid eclipse the glory of our common domain.

Let me illustrate, by reference to a single pursuit, the wrong done to large classes by the absence of legal protection against assaults upon the eye. Bicycling is an institution which nearly every one regards with favor. Those of us who are not adepts willingly take our chance of being knocked down and the certainty of being whistled at (which is almost worse) in consideration of all the blessings the machine confers upon the rider. The queen's counsel or the city clerk can leave behind him, when the blessed hour sounds for release from court or counter, the stifling atmosphere of London, and in a few hours find himself in Arcadia. But, unluckily, Arcadia is approached by metalled roads, and every day that

passes sees these highways equipped with more frequent, more staring, objects specially designed to brand upon the retina the most galling features of the turmoil which it is the cyclist's one desire to forget; and the worst of it all is, that some unreflecting gentlefolk lay on the poor wheelmen the blame of vulgarizing the region through which their routes lie. I acquit the people who do the mischief of all deliberate malignity; but if they were on principle enemies of their race, they could not devise more effectual methods of torment. Above all, they make war upon the working-man. It is on the lines which the artisan (whose field of choice is necessarily limited by the facilities of cheap travel) has to use that the blots are most diligently multiplied. The poor are robbed even of the treasure that costs nothing, and yet is of priceless worth. Some of the experts in this form of highway robbery add insult to injury by pretending that "the people don't mind;" that they "rather like" the vulgar blaze. This is calumny. The people have to endure, and, alas! they have not yet learned to resist to good purpose. But to say that they enjoy the horrors is a bad variant of the old fable that eels acquire a taste for being skinned alive.

An edifying tale may here be told. A party of mechanics were going in a special excursion train from the East End to Oxford. At one point the train was detained for some time. It happened to be a place where an exquisitely beautiful reach of the Thames is disclosed, or, rather, used to be disclosed, and where, as a natural consequence, the gentlemen who treat scenery only as decoy for possible customers had raised a more than usually bountiful crop of blazing field-boards. Indignation waxed warm among the party. It was proposed and carried unanimously that they should descend from the carriage and demolish forthwith the offensive emblems. It required a very strenuous discourse (delivered, the legend runs, by a convinced Home Ruler who was in charge of the party) concerning the reverence due to legal-

ity to dissuade them from executing summary justice. One of the company argued that if the medicine man hit him in the eye he was entitled to hit back. The train, however, moved on, and the controversy remains an open and burning question to this day.

Once again I must ask the reader to bear in mind the true conception of wealth. If the production of a bicycle is to be regarded as a service to the community, on the ground that it enables the townsman to get to the fields and villages, the destruction of the features which make the country a source of pleasure is, even from the industrial point of view, impoverishment.

It is hardly necessary to add that in a tourist track picturesqueness is a commercial asset which it argues strange blindness on the part of hotel-owners and others locally interested to subject to deterioration.

Even if the wares which it is the purpose of the annihilators to commend had the virtues ascribed to them by those interested in their sale, if good soaps were only made by the anarchist firms, and if no physic was so potent as that compounded by the nihilistic pillmen, the havoc wrought by their board far exceeds any conceivable addition to household cleanliness or the healthy action of the public liver. Some of us would sooner die than save our lives by absorbing the nostrums so nauseously puffed.

But, of course, not the smallest good results either to the consumer or to the whole class of producers to which the disfigurers belong. The starch of blatant A may supplant in the market the starch of modest B, but the laundresses use no more and no less of the commodity in question. The only effect is that little by little all the makers are drawn into the insane rivalry by placards, and that the wearers of stiff shirt-fronts have to pay in their washing-bills for the monstrosities which embitter their existence.

There would be little purpose in thus analyzing the nature of the evil if the inquiry were not an essential prelimi-

nary to suggestions for a remedy. Deliverance, I contend, is assured as soon as those who are especially sensitive to the affronts realize that the question is essentially a public one, and that they may fearlessly and resolutely appeal on broad grounds of national interest to the judgment of their fellows. I admit at once that those who feel very acutely are but a small percentage of the community. But if reforms depended upon the ardent, and concurrent, and spontaneous demand of a majority there would have been no change of institutions since the flood. It is the fervid conviction of minorities that has worked all the great revolutions. It suffices if the numerically small band can obtain even the languid assent of the many, and are not confronted by a hostile minority equal in influence to themselves. Now the most dismal theory that has ever been propounded regarding popular taste does not assume that the masses have a craving for the naughty superfluities which offend the select. They are supposed to tolerate them; but the sounder doctrine is, that they have too many other things to think of to take note of the loss they sustain, or to meditate on modes of redress. If only we who are keenly interested make our views known, the eyes of thousands will be opened to the extent of the injury done. If we are a minority, we are a minority not less powerful than the minorities that fought successfully the battle of sanitation, of popular education, of factory regulation, and of the many other beneficial reforms which a generation ago were laughed at as crazes, and to-day are accepted by the lineal intellectual descendants of those who scoffed as elementary institutions of civilization.

Every one at present (to confine ourselves to one illustration) accepts without murmur the dispensation by which he is bound under frightful penalties to connect his drains in a particular way with the public sewers. But there was a time, not so long ago, when the notion of preventing each householder from flinging his own rubbish into the

thoroughfare was derided as "chimerical." Now, in the case of the limitations hitherto placed upon private liberty of action the sacrifice imposed on each individual is often grave. Compulsory education, for example, deprives many a struggling father of the earnings of his boys for several years. The ultimate advantage to society is not always obvious or intelligible to those affected. Yet every one now conforms readily to the standard prescribed by law, as if it were an article of elementary morality. It is, therefore, the merest bogie of the pessimist imagination to suppose that there will be any difficulty about restraining a handful of pushing tradespeople from destroying, in ignorance or wantonness, a large part of the visible wealth of the country. The advertisers themselves have no strong inducement to persist in this peculiar form of publicity hunting. What they each severally desire is relative, not absolute, notoriety. The old practitioners will have the advantage of their past activity, and have, therefore, a selfish motive for acquiescing in regulation. And many of them, I hasten to add, will hail with intense relief a bar upon a morbid phase of competition which uselessly diverts a good deal of their capital to unproductive channels. Most of them resort to the practice of disfigurement only in self-defence; only because some of their rivals have started in the repulsive line. For those who, on good grounds or bad, still desire to puff their wares there are plenty of other methods open.

The proposition that indiscriminate placarding is not good for trade as a whole, and that the existing license is not valued by vendors as a class, may appear to those who have not thought the matter out a paradox; but to those who have considered the data it is a truism.

So far from regarding the purpose we have in view as a quixotic dream, the present writer is persuaded that in the next decade people will be puzzled to understand how or why patriotic

Englishmen allowed the quiet beauty of their land to be disturbed for want of recourse to the principles which govern every other department of activity except that which is concerned with the appeal to the eye; just as we wonder now, with a comforting sense of superiority, at the folly of our ancestors, who left the protection of life and property at night to the care of a decrepit old watchman, and who trusted conservancy to chance.

It is for us, to whom this matter appears one of urgent moment, to follow as best we may in the footsteps of the pioneers to whom we owe the blessings that their descendants take for granted. They were lectured and derided by the pompous persons of the day, who, because they were destitute of business-like imagination, prided themselves on practical insight. The reformers of former days did not squander on the invention of fanciful difficulties the energies which were needed for propagating sound opinions. The speed with which our cause will triumph depends wholly upon the willingness of each one of us to do his best within his own sphere.

But on what lines? To answer the question would be to rewrite the programme of the National Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising. Here I can but sketch in vague outline the heads of effort. (1) We make no secret of our aversion to the disfiguring emblems. As a result, we find that nine people out of ten we speak to are converted already—at any rate to the essential unsightliness of the things. If we see that a particular commodity is puffed, or that a particular establishment is made conspicuous by means which appear to us inconsistent with decent regard for the rights of passers-by, we take pains to find out a commodity which is not an occasion of offence, and a shop that is conducted on neighborly principles. By doing this we not only enjoy the luxury of a good conscience, and generally get the article we want at a lower price, but most effectually spread the light of right doctrine. Nothing

does more to interest a respectable shopkeeper in the movement than a simple request that he will keep in stock something that one can take on his recommendation. It is, so far, a reversion to the old fashion of honorable retail trade. Little by little, as the observance of our golden rule grows, the dealer and middleman will find that the articles "asked for" are not the articles recommended by the Torture Boards; and at last it will dawn on the intelligence of the nostrum-mongers themselves that the roadside game is played out, and that they must try new ways which are not aggressively anti-social. We, further, are not ashamed or afraid to rouse people to the sense of the value of rural scenes, and of the interesting aspects of town life. Through the schoolmaster we seek to influence the young, and implant in them the perceptions which, in a well-ordered England, will hereafter open up to them an inexhaustible source of unbought happiness.

(2) The taxation of exposed advertisements is a matter which requires thought and careful handling. But, unquestionably, any impost would at once render unprofitable a large class of sporadic bills which, I am glad to say, are already condemned and deplored by the respectable bill-posting firms. Assuming that taxation would tend to diminish the total area of display at any one time, it does not follow that printers and bill-stickers would lose, for the bills must be changed more frequently, and more careful workmanship will become habitual.

(3) Concerning railways, we are very well aware of the obligations which the directors are under to the shareholders, and of the connection between advertising-rents and dividends. We make no extravagant demands upon the virtue of the managers, being content to urge them in their own interest, as well as out of compassion for innocent passengers, who have never done them any harm, to assign definite spaces in the stations for the exhibition of announcements, these spaces being so planned as to have a harmonious relation to the

general architectural design. It is the higgledy-piggledy, "stick-them-up-anywhere" system that mainly offends at present. The substitution of posters which, if not always "things of beauty," are at least not "pains forever," for the things that stare at us week after week and year after year from glazed frames and japanned plaques, would rob a railway journey of half its unpleasantness.

(4) So far, it will have been observed, the agencies invoked are purely moral. But we cannot dispense with the assistance of the legislature. So long as there is no authoritative control, the community will be at the mercy of any one stupid enough not to know that he is doing harm, or selfish enough to disregard the injury he inflicts. Laws against theft would be useless if there were not a moral sense in favor of probity; but the moral sense would soon disappear from a people among whom theft was not treated as a crime. Every one understands the value of order in a crowded thoroughfare; but if there were no constables to regulate traffic, there would be a hopeless block of vehicles and jostling of pedestrians. A single ill-conditioned person could make the good feeling and good sense of the others of no avail. I have not, I hope, said anything that reflects on the personal character of the average advertiser. I have not scoffed at his taste or upbraided him with greed. There is even a pathetic side to the incessant efforts of advertisers to neutralize each other's attempts to catch the eye. Their desire to ply a profitable trade is in itself no more despicable than the acquisitive instinct which leads professional men to obtain a competence by services which are of real importance to the commonweal. I desire rather to rest the case for regulation on the truth which underlies nearly the whole body of our legislation—that there are certain things which every individual as a separate unit has an inducement to do, but which it is good for all the individuals composing the social aggregate to prohibit. "We live

in an advertising age." "We are all advertisers nowadays." "Trade is cut-throat competition." Be it so. For myself, I feel very strongly that this humiliating description is grossly unjust to our times. The number of callings in which artificial notoriety counts for anything is not considerable when the vast volume of our industry and commerce is taken into account. But let us assume that, owing to the complexity and bewildering bulk of modern society, owing to the decay of personal relations and of the spirit of local patriotism, there is a temptation to seek custom by impressing the memory through the much-enduring eye. What then? As soon as primitive man discovered that the spirit of acquisitiveness was rife, it saw the wisdom of protecting the physically weak against the physically strong. There was a reason for the existence of footpads; but restraints on highway robbery followed. Similarly, although the disposition to assault the nerves of wayfarers with striking arrangements of vivid colors is quite intelligible, the wholesale indulgence of the propensity involves, as a necessary corollary, in civilized jurisprudence, provisions for saving those who are using a public road from molestation in the exercise of an undoubted right.

But in applying to the facts as we find them the cardinal principle, our society proceeds with the caution and reserve proper to a body which describes itself as "National." It does not dream of prohibition. It does not propose to arm the central authority with any powers, nor does it ask that regulation, even in local hands, shall be universal or of one pattern. Only the rural districts come within the scope of the Rural Advertisements Bill; interference with notifications on land and premises relating to business conducted thereon is expressly excluded. In brief, the county councils are simply to have a discretionary power of framing bye-laws for regulating strictly advertising display.

Some will object that we make too small a demand. Some of the most

galling instances of abuse occur, it will be said, in large cities, on shops, factories, and other places which come under the saving clause. I have no title to speak for others; but for myself I wish to say that I look forward with absolute confidence to the time when the use of the alphabet in public places for the purpose of catching the public eye will be subject to as rigid and effectual municipal ordinances as house-construction, the drainage of private premises, the disposal of refuse, street traffic, street music, the combustion of smoke, and many other things, now are. Regulation would be a simple matter of rule and scale, and when in force would work a marvellous transformation. We should hear no more the doleful heresy that cities are necessarily vulgar and ugly. We should wake up to the enjoyment of the picturesque and other elements of interest in which our English towns abound, when architecture, ancient and modern, is allowed a fair chance. Apart from what it is the custom to call æsthetic considerations, the requirements of business would necessitate some restrictions of the present chaos of announcements on shop-fronts and the eclipse of façades by mammoth hanging letters. The advertising mania should surely stop at swamping in the deluge of what are erroneously called sign-boards the identity of individual shops that customers may really wish to find.

But this vision of the future has nothing to do with the Rural Advertisements Bill. I could not deny myself the chance of winning posthumous fame as a seer, but as a social politician I am a cold-blooded opportunist. I think the passing of the Rural Advertisements Bill, or some similar measure, will mark the turning-point in the contest between the forces which make for restfulness and order in the aspect of our world of England, and the forces which make for vexatious confusion. Yet I do not anticipate from it any wide and immediate effect. We should fail in our larger purpose if we aimed beyond the scope of every-day experience. Trade would flourish mightily if

the practice we desire to abate ceased altogether out of the land ; but every trader does not know this. We are all creatures of habit, little addicted to looking beyond the tip of our nose, and sharp business men are more ordinary than ordinary people. They must be guided gently, led step by step into that fuller realization of what is truly "practical," which, with eyes open, they cannot see. If we were to believe one set of pessimists, county councillors are such absolute Philistines that they will never be induced to use the powers with which we wish to invest them. We take comfort, however, when we learn from another school of despondent advisers that your county councillor is a fussy creature, whose only delight is to exalt his office and domineer over his fellows ; to stick his blundering broom of bye-laws into every quiet household corner. It is my good fortune to be able to take a more charitable and cheerful view of the nature of the county councillor. I think he will wish to do very much what he is convinced local feeling strongly desires, and will not be persuaded to stir till the signs of local eagerness are very clear. Being in this pleasant frame of mind, I anticipate that the bye-laws will be framed with a view to enabling the authorities to interfere where the need of interference is glaring. Again and again representations are made to municipal bodies regarding some particular outrage. The residents in a body complain ; the council sympathizes with them ; but the clerk, repressing his private indignation, declares officially that the law as it stands gives no power of granting redress. Sometimes, by a legal fiction which assumes danger to life or limb, or public morals, measures are taken to abate the nuisance. In such cases our short and simple measure for amending—or, rather, supplying an accidental omission in—local government law would operate to the delight of every one. As to the structures reared in fields or by the riverside, whose only reason for existing is the chance of wounding the eyes of those using the

highway or the stream—both portions of the public domain—I do not say that everywhere there would be zeal for their suppression ; but in many instances they are resented by the neighborhood as gross affronts. People who do not value scenery for themselves may easily become aware that, as an attraction to visitors, it is worth protecting from ravage ; and in tourist tracks especially innkeepers, car owners, and others who live by exercising hospitality towards paying guests, have a direct interest in keeping the prospect clear of blots. For reasons of a more romantic hue the vicar and the squire would sometimes appeal to the county council to save their pretty village from the visitation of the providence which scatters enamelled plaques over a land that no longer smiles. No one would, I imagine, espouse the cause of those who stick printed screeds on the rocks wherever the coast is particularly fine. Regular bill-sticking associations (as has been told already) are keen in their hatred of the flying poster. There is one type of the touting notice encountered on every country road which, I think, moves to disgust and anger every honest man. To bring to a summary close a list which might be indefinitely extended, I may allude to the prevailing practice of pasting bills on walls and palings which are private property, in opposition to the will of the owner. This, surely, is a case in which authority should afford more protection than it now does to those who wish to order their own possessions with a careful regard for the general comfort.

I have suggested in several places that the custom of advertising disfigurement is due to an instinct of rivalry and imitation which often is quite disinterested from intelligent calculation. We may rely on the play of enlightened competition for the growth of the counteracting tendency. At present, if the intrinsic attractiveness of St. Mary's-on-the-Sandhills is impaired by the blaze of placards on the pier, the beach, and the esplanade, the chairman of the local board is comparatively apathetic, because he knows that if the

visitors take flight to St. Ann's-below-the-Cliff they will find the ungracious objects there in similar profusion. But when St. Ann's wakes up to a regard for its amenities, even to the extent of purging its pier of the accretions, the era of intelligent competition will have commenced, and little by little communities will discover that it does not pay to allow a few people to make money by practices, otherwise useless, which spoil the trade of their neighbors.

It would be more flattering to national pride, I own, to hope that emancipation was to be obtained at once by some great outburst of enthusiasm; but it is our English way to do things slowly, and to effect even a beneficial revolution by reliance on the free play of local judgment and mole-like prudence. If those who view with shame and grief the loss of so much that was lovely and pleasant in the Britain of our fathers will add patience and moderation to patriotic zeal; if they will lay aside the longing for a cataclysm, and make the most of the mere turning of the tide, our children may inherit a land worthy of their love. But if we are content to nurse an impotent disdain, posterity will, with good cause, reproach us, and not the defacers, with the doom to which we leave them; for the deformities which beset us now are but signs and tokens of the desolation that must be hereafter.

RICHARDSON EVANS.

From Temple Bar.

A MAN OF PROMISE.

I.

A LONG struggle for fame, if unsuccessful, does not, as a rule, tend to the sweetening of a character. There comes a time when even the most vaulting ambition is forced to recognize the insufficiency of means to an end; when the most hopeful mind, parleying with itself in one of the silent colloquies that make up so much of any thoughtful life, must relinquish its greatest and most permanent desire, and, as it were, sit down at last with

its hands before it, having failure as companion. That time had come to John Elliot.

He stood alone by the fire of his cosy writing-room to face his dark hour. It was four o'clock of a winter afternoon, and the gloom of night was already gathering over London. The ragged grey clouds seemed to concentrate themselves in the sky and bend lower and lower over the city. That mechanical waif of civilization, the lamp-lighter, was going his jerky round in Eaton Square, inserting his mysterious pole intrusively into the privacy of the gas-lamps, and changing their gloom to glitter. As John Elliot stood gazing over the stained glass that formed a bulwark between the interior of his sanctum and the curious glances of passers-by, the lamplighter's dark figure paused opposite to him. The pole was thrust up into the lamp. A trembling tongue of flame shot forth. The dark figure hurried on and disappeared round the corner. John Elliot looked at the flame and sighed heavily. Why had not the hidden force that had dowered him so richly with ambition, touched his imagination with a torch until the fire of genius sprang up within him to light the souls of men? It seemed hard.

He had desired so deeply to be a genius.

In the years of youth he had thought he was one. In manhood he had begun to doubt it. Now he doubted no longer; he knew. He had to face the fact of the everlasting lack in him of what he longed for with a passion that was engrossing. He felt very bitter. That he was rich and well known was no consolation to him. So many men had money, so many men had position. Even the respectable eminence he had attained to in the world of letters gave to him merely a point of view from which he could see more clearly than many others the heights that he could never scale. Better to be in the valley, he thought to himself, and to take an interest in the little streams and the grasses, and to ignore altogether mountains that are inaccessible. He wished,

as the twilight gathered closer, that he had never written a line, never made a sort of name, and so given unknown critics a right to tell him the truth—that that he was a failure.

The Honorable John Elliot, brother of Lord Lane, a mediocre though very frequent speaker in the patient House of Peers, had done moderately well at Oxford, and had been alluded to very politely in the papers as “a young man of promise.” He had only just missed gaining several distinctions at the university, among them the Newdigate; but he had just missed. At the Union he had been a self-reliant and eager debater, and most of his friends thought that he would mature this gift of tongue in the House of Commons, and do well for his country on the Conservative side. When he went down, however, he declined to stand for any constituency, and declared his intention—rather too openly, perhaps, in the confidence of youth—of devoting himself entirely to letters. This he accordingly prepared to do. Having plenty of money, he married a pretty woman, bought a house in Eaton Square, began to write, and to entertain editors to dinner.

The dinners were very good, and the editors all thought their host had a great deal of literary promise. Thus John Elliot's career opened auspiciously, and he talked enthusiastically about coming to the front. The writing and the dinners went on for about a year without any very marked result. Then, almost simultaneously, a son was born to the young writer and an article of his—signed—appeared in one of the big reviews. The son was a great success, the article a distinguished failure. Unlearned friends said the child was lovely. Learned friends declared that the next article would probably be a very good one. On the whole, the father in John Elliot was greatly gratified, and the author in him was not greatly cast down. The child was presently short-coated, and a second article published. This time there was a general consensus of opinion among the critics that John Elliot might gain considerable

success if he would devote himself to the writing of fiction. Whether this consensus was brought about by two of the facts which he adduced in support of his main contention in the article being incorrect, it would be difficult to say. At any rate, the ardent author considered that by this time he might deem himself “rising,” and, laying the critical advice to heart, he proceeded to start upon a novel.

He wrote steadily and carefully, while his son began to acquire the important arts of conversation and equilibrium, and at length completed his heavy task and published it in three alarmingly fat volumes. The critics all alluded to their size in terms of doubtful import, and concluded that Mr. Elliot would do wonders when he had cultivated a faculty for compression. The wings of his imagination required clipping, they said. His fancy was too luxuriant. He lavished the wealth of his exuberance too recklessly, and “spread himself” far too much.

While he was reading the newspaper cuttings that set forth these ingenious and unanimous opinions, John Elliot's little son scrambled on to his knee, pulled some of them out of his hand, and began to test their flavor by thrusting them into his infant mouth.

“What, swallowing opinions adverse to your father, already?” said Elliot, rescuing the unappetizing morsels with rather a rueful smile. “That will never do. You, at least, must admire me. Do you hear?”

He held the happily squirming and chuckling child at arm's length for a moment, and then put him down on the carpet and left him to play.

“And all the world shall too,” Elliot added to himself with the energetic determination of youth. “Every writer falls into errors at the beginning of his career. Every writer has to gradually win his way with the critics. I have genius. I feel it stirring within me. This perpetual and overwhelming impulse to give my thoughts to the world in writing must mean that I possess latent power. I will strive and I will conquer.”

So he continued to produce, while his son continued to increase in wisdom and in stature. By degrees he attained, as has been said, to a respectable position in the world of letters. He commanded the attention of a faithful, but decidedly limited, number of readers, and could always find a publisher willing to pay him a small price for any new book he wrote. When he went to parties he occasionally saw people pointing him out as a celebrity, and for many years his friends continued to look upon him with the eye of faith as a coming man.

All this was pleasant for a while. But as time passed on, and little John Elliot went to Eton, and the glitter of the "thirties" was exchanged for the calmer and less sedulous glow of the "forties," an anxiety began to steal over the author. If he ever meant to arrive at all, he felt that he must not delay too long. There is nothing more fatal than to allow the public to grow quietly and indifferently accustomed to you. The unknown writer can more easily achieve the dignity of a splash than the known writer who has been at work for years, without causing one. John Elliot resolved to make one final effort, to pour all his genius—if he had any—into one mould, and to stand or fall by the result. He would take his time, would do his very best. Nothing should be wanting of labor or of thought. He selected one out of many conceptions of his, and was just about to start upon the task of clothing it in words, when an interruption occurred.

His wife died.

Elliot had liked her and found her a fairly suitable companion, but he was by no means broken-hearted at her decease. She had been very pretty, but not very interesting or clever, and her husband's tendrils of affection wound more firmly about his son and his ambition than they had ever wound about her. He buried her with sorrow but without despair, and the day after the funeral he sat down at his desk to write as usual. She had never been ambitious for him, and that was a great lack in her. His son, meanwhile, re-

turned to Eton and began to do wonders both in form and on the cricket field. He studied and played with equal energy and success, and at last reached a climax of triumph in becoming captain of the school and captain of the eleven during one and the same term.

John Elliot received the news in his library with keen delight. He was in good spirits that day, for the book seemed to him to be going on well. He had just escaped from an *impasse* in which he had been stuck for a number of miserable days, and somehow the success of his son seemed to prophesy his own success in a higher walk of life. John Elliot always had a difficulty in recognizing the fact that the less may give birth to the greater. Although he had never been captain of a school or of an eleven, he clearly felt that his boy owed that dual sublimity of elevation in some vague way to him. He laid the letter which brought the news with a gay hand upon his table, and continued his writing in a glowing spirit of ardor. He felt that now indeed he could do his very best.

But the book was long in coming to the birth, for Elliot was so determined to do himself full justice, and not to hurry, that he even held himself deliberately back, would not write a moment after his brain felt the least fatigued, and frequently gave himself a holiday, so that his health might not suffer. He recognized the terrible entanglement between body and mind, that monotonous *liaison* which has been fruitful of so much misery and disappointment.

He hastened very slowly indeed.

At length, his Eton career over, John Elliot, Junior—for father and son only possessed the one Christian name between them, although they were born in a rank in which of the giving of names there is no end—went in his turn to Oxford and began to develop and to mature with an astonishing rapidity. He was so full of life that his unresting energy spent itself in a thousand directions. He was the most competent practical joker of his year,

among other things, and his tutors stood amazed at the boundless facility which enabled him to pass examinations for which he had done obviously little or no work. Everything interested him, from philosophy to barmaids, and his strong intellectuality could not render him academic, tempered, as it was, by a passion for skittles and an immense reverence and love for rat-hunting and the use of the gloves. He set Oxford on fire and moved amid the conflagration with a distinguished unconsciousness which did infinite credit to his breeding, and as his morals were at present in a state of quiescence, no scandal marred the pleasant completeness of his collegiate career.

He went on learning more and more of life while his father went on writing, and took a first in Greats just at the moment that the third volume of the mighty work was got upon the stocks. Then he went down from Oxford, and in Eaton Square the question arose, what was he to do? After some discussion—for his tastes were so various and so violent that it was not easy to decide which of them should permanently govern the others—he and his father agreed that he should travel for a year or two, and endeavor to become definite in Europe, India, and possibly Japan. So the two parted with a great deal of real sorrow, being strongly attached to one another; the father returned once more to his writing and his regulation holidays, the son left England with a friend, and began to dive into life more deeply, and develop more ardently than ever.

He had a mania for observing as well as a love of action, and until he travelled he had never realized what this mania might work in him. But as the months went by a strange new impulse arose in him—the impulse to write. The madness of the pen seized him. There is an old legend that certain knives possessed such a lust for blood as drove them out in the night to commit murders, and that in the dawning they came back satiated and tapped at

their master's window to be let in. So it began to seem to young John Elliot that his pens were full of a lust for writing, full of an uncontrollable desire to set down stories, scenes of drama, comedies and tragedies; and sometimes, as he lay awake at night, in an Indian bungalow, or in a tent in the Great Desert, or in the uneasy cabin of a laboring ship, he thought that they were inscribing of their own accord the fancies that fluttered through his brain. He listened until he actually heard the creaking music of a quill travelling over paper, then laughed at his own imagination, turned over on his pillow, and fell into the vacant dreamless sleep of youth.

"It must be in the blood, I suppose," he said to his friend, one day. "The governor writes, you know."

The friend answered very little. He was not a reader of the works of Elliot père.

At last the father's book was finished. The author laid his pen down with a sigh, half of regret, half of satisfaction. He had lost a companion. Had he earned a right to fame? At any rate he had done his best. He had put forth all his powers. He had rewritten, revised, strengthened his work, gone over every word of it with a mental microscope, to find out possible faults. If the book were not a success, then his life had been a failure, and he resolved that he would never write another line. It was accepted by a publisher, and brought out with every advantage of type, binding, and general get-up. Then came the verdict of the critics. They were unanimous in finding some merit in the work, but they were also strangely unanimous in discovering many faults in it. Mr. Elliot had two manners, they said, like certain painters and musicians. This book was an example of his second manner. They advised him to return to his first. He was endeavoring to fly too high, they declared. The signs of labor and of over-elaboration rendered his work far from cheerful reading. In it he seemed presumptuously to measure himself with the mightiest

masters of fiction. In greater modesty he might find greater salvation. The book did not go well with the libraries. The faithful few, as usual, sent orders for it, but though they were very faithful, they were very few. No general interest was roused, and a book of short stories—very short—by a young lady, that came out soon afterwards, completely took the very gentle breeze out of John Elliot's sails.

This winter afternoon, standing by the fireside, he at length forced himself to realize his final failure. The last critique on his book had reached him. It gave him no quarter. It told him roundly that his work suffered from the one unpardonable fault of dulness. It did not hold the attention. It clamored for skipping.

"I have failed finally," Elliot said to himself, as the lamplighter disappeared in the direction of Ebury Street, "finally, finally."

He repeated the word mechanically over and over again, as he looked out into the gradually darkening square. He held in his hand the critique he had just been reading, and now he ran his eyes drearily over it again, until they lit on the final words:—

"Nevertheless, after all has been said that can be said against it, the book shows cleverness, and is undoubtedly the work of a man of promise."

A sudden flash of almost tragic anger lit up Elliot's face as he cast the journal down upon the floor.

"A man of promise!" he exclaimed with extreme bitterness. "And I am fifty-one, and have been writing steadily for over five-and-twenty years! Good God! There shall be an end of it. I have done. No critic shall say that of me again. No critic shall say anything of me. If I were as old as Methuselah, tottering on the verge of the grave, they would still say I was a man of promise!"

He sank down in his chair, leaned his arms upon the table, and dropped his head upon them.

When he lifted his head again, the black sleeve of his coat was wet with tears.

II.

JOHN ELLIOT and his son were smoking together after a quiet dinner. It was eleven o'clock, and a cold, wet night; but the room looked cheerful, for the curtains were drawn, the fire blazed, and a shaded lamp gave just enough light to encourage intimate conversation, as opposed to the mere word-spinning that seems appropriate to the glare of gas or the frosty radiance of electricity.

The wanderer had returned that very afternoon, bronzed, steeped in the energy that only bounding health can give, full of thoughts born of blessed travel, full of a crisp vitality that struck out sparks, even from the weary who came in contact with it. He had the broad air of the world, not the limited but satisfied air of London. As he leaned forward in his chair, talking eagerly in a nimbus of smoke that he blew away as easily as he would have blown away a trouble just then, he seemed to breathe out something of the immensity of many lands, to exhale the freshness of a thousand recently gathered experiences. He looked a strong flower of youth just unfolding.

His father, grey, weary, with the ended manner that failure brings with it, woke into a momentary life as he sat opposite to him, and saw the fire-light dance over his close brown hair and his salient eager face. John Elliot felt for the moment young, as an old man may feel in watching from his window a spring dawn over a garden in which the buds are opening.

"Don't you find the placidity of return to the dead level of London rather overwhelming, Jack?" he asked presently. "Coming back to what one has always known from what one has just known is rather like kissing one's nurse after dallying with an enchantress. Can you settle down?"

"Yes, father, I can now. I have found something while I have been away, and brought it back with me."

"Among your curios?"

His son laughed, a laugh with the true ring of the golden age in it.

"No, but I want to unpack it now,

and to you. I know you will understand it."

"Yes?"

The young man's face flushed, and his eyes grew serious. He pressed his strong hands on the arms of his chair.

"I have found an ambition and brought it home. You know what a number of tastes I had when I went away. Well, at last one has aced the part of Moses' serpent, and swallowed up all the other serpents, just as it must have happened to you when you were young. I want to write. I must write."

A curious shadow flitted over the elder man's face.

"My ambition," he said in a low, inward voice. "How things repeat themselves!"

"I found out that I must, when I was travelling," Jack went on, with an unself-conscious excitement that was intensely attractive. "All that I saw and felt fed something in me. I had the sense of storing away material, and one day I knew that I must give out a sort of pemmican of all I had taken in. It gets worked up together in the mind, doesn't it, until at last it is ready. Then one should begin. Haven't you found that?"

His father did not answer for a moment. He was meditating on the tragedy of birth which painful death brings home with so much force to the mind. The blind rushing into life of enthusiasms, ambitions, seemed to him just then as sad as the first waking of an infant to a short existence of starvation, tricked out with cruelty, and ending in that strange, enigmatic sleep that awaits us. But how could he say so to this lad of twenty-five?

"I have found things, Jack," he said, at last, "that I have wished afterwards I could lose, and without regret. Ambition has been one of them."

His tone was profoundly sad, in spite of his effort to render it light, and he looked away from his son into the fire with a dreary gaze that damped the young man's eager enthusiasm.

"But a young man can do nothing unless he has ambition, father," Jack said, rather tentatively. "You have been working all your life, and you have been successful. If you had had no ambition —"

"You say I have been successful. What makes you think so? Because a few people know my name when it comes up in conversation, and try to remember whether I am a politician or a financier or an author? My ambition once soared higher than that. Jack, I meant to bury my disappointment in my own heart. My pride told me to do so, but you are always frank with me, and even a father should not bolster himself up with false dignity. I will be frank with you. My ambition has been my happiness for years, but now it is my curse."

He got up, went to his writing-table and opened a drawer. Then he came back with a weekly journal in his hand. His face flushed painfully, like a boy's, as he held it out to his son.

"Read that, Jack," he said.

He sat down again and went on smoking, pulling at his cigar hard. The flush lingered on his face, and deepened as the young man read. At last Jack laid the paper down on his knees, and looked at his father. John Elliot laughed, and, touching his breast with his right hand, said:—

"You see before you a man of promise, Jack, and, believe me, a man of promise who is old is one of the saddest creatures in the world. Come, now, have a whiskey-and-soda. We need not be unnecessarily dismal this first night that we are together. Only, think well before you enter the lists. To be worsted is to be wounded—badly."

His son had got up with a distinctly awkward air, and was busying himself in the composition of a long drink rather fussily. There was a flush on his face, too. His affection for his father was great, and he wanted to be sympathetic without suggesting the pity that the sensitive ally with contempt. And then, too, another mental

feeling complicated the situation. The youth in him was entirely unconvinced, entirely undaunted, and hopeful and desirous. He thought sadly of his father's disappointment, yet his father's words seemed to predict no sorrow for those walking in his footsteps. Between them, despite their love and their sympathy, was the innate antagonism of youth and age. They were at enmity, although they loved each other. One listened to the knock at the door, the other knocked. That was the difference between them.

At last Jack's drink was mixed almost in spite of himself, and he came back slowly to the fire. He took a sip, puffed furiously at his cigar, and then spoke out of the smoke, with an uneasy, careful accent.

"Surely you don't care for a critic, pater," he said. "One man's opinion is only one man's opinion, even in print."

"They all say the same, and the public agrees with them."

"Follows them?"

"No, Jack, the public thinks for itself more than the critics like to suppose. In this case it thinks as they do, and it thinks rightly. I accept my limitations once and for all, now, but I work within them no more."

He threw his cigar end into the fire.

"You will give up writing?" his son asked.

"I have done so," Elliot answered quietly, looking into the fire, and pressing his lips together lest his son should see that they were trembling.

There was a silence lasting several minutes. Then Jack suddenly strode across the rug and seized his father's hand, pressing it hard.

"It's a damned nuisance, pater," he said rather loud, with a tremble in his young voice. "I—I know."

John Elliot returned his warm grasp. In thinking over that moment afterwards, he could never tell whether he felt most humiliated, most touched, or most benumbed and finished. That hand-clasp of his son was the period put to the story of his career.

So he thought then.

With a husky "Good-night, my boy," he turned from the fire, and went out of the room rather hastily.

Jack stood looking at the door, thoughtfully, with a great gravity in his face.

"Poor old chap!" he said to himself at last. "Poor old chap! But——"

He swung round from the fire, seated himself at his father's writing-table, searched till he came upon some blank foolscap, selected a quill with obvious hurry, and began to write with an almost careless dash and vigor.

It was the old antagonism of youth and age.

He wrote on till the dawn, while above-stairs John Elliot lay awake, staring, till a grey glimmer defined vaguely the position, in the black room, of the window.

The younger generation was knocking at the door with a ringing hope and self-confidence.

III.

JOHN ELLIOT felt like an old soldier who has just retired from the army, and does not know whether to relapse upon committees, roses, boards, politics, or sitting in the sun. Unlike many rich and well-born men he had created for himself a life, and had lived in it for years. But now the critics and the public had brought the short service system into force. He left the army, without any medals. What was he to do?

At first he had entertained some vague idea of living in his son's life. There was a very strong bond of affection between them. Despite the difference in their ages, it might be possible, he thought. But he found that he was mistaken. Life was colored differently for them. The rose-colored view and the grey refused to harmonize perfectly together. When spring and autumn try to walk arm-in-arm they are apt to get out of step. So it was with the Elliots for a time. They got out of step, and could not stroll along quite smoothly together. Their progress became a dot-and-go-one affair, which they both saw silently

to be inartistic. So they unlinked their arms.

The weariness of the one could not help striving against the fervid freshness of the other, and when cynicism peeps out of its kennel, showing its teeth and ready to bark, hope retreats within doors, saddened, though, perhaps, at heart still undaunted.

Father and son had not got on quite well together for some time, when one day something occurred that seemed likely to separate them still more widely.

John Elliot discovered, quite by chance, that Jack had begun to write, despite the conversation of the first evening after his return from abroad. The discovery was made one morning when Elliot sat down after breakfast to write a letter. He turned over the blotting-book to find a sheet of note-paper, and some foolscap, closely scribbled over, fell out. For the moment Elliot fancied that it was some old work of his—for Jack's penmanship closely resembled his own—but on taking it up and examining it, he saw at once that he was mistaken. He recognized Jack's hand, and, running his eyes over the page, he found himself plunged into a strongly dramatic scene that was evidently part of a long work of fiction. Unable to guess what had gone before it, or to know what was to come after, Elliot was nevertheless firmly seized and interested. Almost, without reflecting what he was doing, he read to the end. The scene broke off abruptly in the middle of a sentence, and instinctively he caught hold of a pen with the intention of continuing it. The custom of authorship laid a hand on him for the moment. Then he recollected himself and put the sheet down slowly. To his surprise his first feeling was one of keen anger. He felt as if his son had committed an act deliberately foolish if not wicked. Had he not humiliated himself to give to Jack the teaching of experience? He crumpled the paper up in his hand with the sensation of one who kills some loathsome insect. But then the momentary impulse passed away, and he

smoothed the sheet out again. After all, it was inevitable that Jack should learn by his own deeds only. It is always so in life, otherwise life would almost cease to be life. Nature does not allow her designs to be interfered with. Enthusiasms, ambitions, will rush into being while the world lasts, re-incarnated, expelled from one soul, only to find refuge in another.

So Jack was writing, doing that strange work in the dark that is so fascinating and yet so fearful. "What can be the idea on which the fabric of his story rests?" the father wondered, as he cast his eyes again over the foolscap. There was no definite light there. That page showed some power, but it was enigmatic, cut out from the midst of something, inexplicable away from what preceded and followed it. Again Elliot laid the paper down and tried to write his note. But he could not. A fever seemed to have entered into him—a fever of the mind. His whole career danced like a little black and red demon before him upon that page of foolscap, mocking him, grimacing at him in the clear light of the London morning. It pointed at the words of his son with hands whose very fingers seemed to sneer, each separately. His eyes twinkled with crafty malice. "You could never have written that," it seemed to cry to him; "not even those few words, if you had dipped the pen in your heart's blood." And he grew pale before its contemptuous gaze, paler and paler, until the whiteness of his cheeks pained him, as fire pains, and the blood was all driven from his heart, and his breath came in sad sighs. And still the black and red demon danced upon the written words of his son, until the words shone like stars, and the fragment of the scene took life, and it seemed to Elliot that the great world looked upon it, and was moved and shaken to its very depths.

He sprang up from the table angrily. "What is the matter with me?" he asked himself. "Dreaming in the morning like this? It is because I am lost without my accustomed life. I have not settled down yet into the new

conditions that I have imposed upon myself. So Jack is writing, and is far advanced in some book—far advanced."

He left his note unwritten, took his hat and stick, and walked out towards the Park. His son had gone out almost immediately after breakfast. It was a dull grey morning in early spring. The sky looked like smoke. No blue tore its continuity. The air was rather chilly and damp. There had been a good deal of rain in the night. In the Row the horses of a few determined riders kicked up the moist brown mud in showers that sent pedestrians flying. The straight paths were sparsely tenanted by lounging, vacant nursemaids, staring along behind perambulators in which rosy children dozed or chuckled. Here and there a pale, plain governess, looking as if her nature had been starved to its bones, walked briskly and mechanically forward with her young charges, talking uneasy French in a hard, chirping voice that she tried to render cheerfully conversational. Pug dogs smelt and snuffled in the grass that sprang up around the iron posts of the railings. A few old people, wrapped in shawls and comforters, were dismally taking the air in slowly moving carriages. Two or three men, with livid, dirty faces, and heads thrown far back, snored heavily on the curved benches, and a gardener was sweeping away something from the path with a long broom.

Elliot found the scene dreary enough as he walked slowly towards the Serpentine. He thought that he was thinking, but if he had been suddenly asked to explain about what, he might have been puzzled to reply. A numbness had come into his mind, preceding a period of unnatural and strained mental activity.

When he reached the Serpentine he turned towards the right and walked along its far bank, which was almost deserted. The sky leaned a little lower over the lead-colored water, and a drizzle of rain began to fall. This drove even the few people who were about homeward, and Elliot, putting

up his umbrella, pursued his way quite alone towards the receiving house of the Humane Society. The numbness began to thaw from his mind, and he became conscious of thoughts which surprised and frightened him. For the little red and black demon had changed its mood now, but still companioned him, and whispered strange suggestions in his ear. It told him that his son was doing him some wrong in disregarding his despair, and taking no warning by it; that the boy ought to have learned wisdom after the confession to which he had listened—a confession that had been hard to make, and hard to remember when it had been made. And it told him more. If Jack disregarded the warning of this confession, of this sad career, was it not because he believed that he could do better things himself? Did he not, must he not, look for something very different in the future awaiting him? Otherwise, how could he work so strenuously? The page Elliot had read was numbered in the corner, and the number was 145. Much had gone before that page. Long hours must have been spent in leading up to it.

When a man resigns a dear vice, it tortures him to be with another whom he believes to still practise it. He pictures to himself the joys the other possesses—joys that he has known and has resolved to know never again. He endows the vice with a thousand beauties that it never had for any one. In each hour that he does not spend with his companion he fancies him indulging in that dear vice, and, if he is strong to resist, he writhes with the thought of what he is missing.

So it was with John Elliot that day.

Only now he realized how much he had given up in giving up writing. He dwelt over and over again upon the long hours of happiness his son must have spent in the glorious labor of creation, while his life was empty, as the life of the soldier who hears no more the bugle-call, the word of command, the tramp of troops. He dwelt upon them until a cold, rigid anger stole into his heart, and a terrible sense of un-

fairness overwhelmed him. His son had deliberately acted contrary to his advice, cherishing the devil ambition, instead of casting it out. What a splendid time he must have been having with that devil!

Elliot brooded upon this as he walked, even as the reclaimed sinner broods on the delights of those who sin his sin.

The rain was coming down more heavily now. Elliot had passed the receiving-house, when he saw, a long way off, down the straight wet path, where two or three self-satisfied ducks quacked, another umbrella coming slowly along with a figure walking under it. The umbrella concealed the pedestrian's face, for a light wind blew the rain towards him, and Elliot found nothing familiar in figure or in walk until he was close upon the man, when with a start he knew his son. Jack would have passed him, being evidently wrapped in deep abstraction, had he not stopped and touched his son on the shoulder.

"Jack," he said.

Jack looked up in surprise, his eyes gradually losing their inward expression in a flash of recognition.

"Hullo, pater! Why, what are you doing in the rain?"

His father turned back and accompanied him towards Hyde Park Corner.

"I might retort the question upon you, Jack," Elliot said, in a rather constrained manner. "But I think I needn't, for I could supply the answer. You are here to think?"

He tried not to give to the words an expression of uneasy suspicion, but hardly succeeded in his endeavor.

The young man was obviously a little surprised.

"That's perfectly true," he answered. "I did want to meditate."

"On life in general?"

"No, on a life in particular, to be exact."

"Your own?"

"In a sense," Jack said, rather evasively, and they went on for a moment in silence.

Then Elliot said abruptly:—

"Jack, you have not been very frank with me lately, and I feel rather hurt, for I have been very frank with you, and have spoken more freely to you than most fathers would speak to their sons. Why did you not tell me you were writing? Why did you leave me to find it out for myself? I discovered it this morning accidentally. Why did you not tell me?"

His son's brown face flushed deeply while he listened.

"I wanted to tell you all along," he answered.

"Then what kept you back?" Elliot reiterated, with a certain excitement.

Jack set his umbrella spinning in his hand. He scarcely seemed to know how to reply. At length he said:—

"I should have told you, only—only somehow it seemed very difficult to speak after that first evening, pater. Don't you see that it was difficult?"

"Why?"

"Well, after what you said, after your advice. You did not exactly encourage me to go on. You did not sympathize with my enthusiasm much. I saw that. It seemed to be almost flying in your face to write after your remarks about ambition."

"But still you did write."

The young man looked at him with eager brown eyes.

"I had to write," he said. "I had got hold of a fine idea. All through the voyage I lived with it and turned it over in my mind. I was simply longing to get to work on it."

"When did you begin?" Elliot asked suddenly.

Jack looked distinctly uncomfortable.

"Soon after I arrived," he said.

"How soon?"

"Father, don't be vexed, don't think I disregard your words, only after all we must each do something in life, and if we don't hope we can do nothing. I began the book that night."

"After our talk? After I had gone to bed?"

"Yes."

They walked on in silence, leaving the Serpentine behind them. They passed the deserted band-stand and the little green seats soaking in the rain. Elliot glanced at them mechanically and pictured the summer evenings when they would be thronged with shop-people listening to the gay music of the orchestra. He felt morbidly hurt by what his son had told him, morbidly and preposterously vexed. Knowing it was absurd and unnatural, he was yet unable to banish the feeling.

Jack broke the silence at last.

"Surely you are not angry, pater," he said, "because — because —"

"Because I have failed, that is no reason why you should fail too. That is what you mean, Jack," Elliot said with an effort. "And, after all, you are perfectly right. Why should what I told you influence you? It would not have influenced me when I was your age. No, we must all make our effort. It is that necessity, that impulse, which keeps us really alive. Make yours, my boy, and God grant that it may be successful."

It cost him much to say those words, so much that he was intensely ashamed, for he dissected his own feelings as well as those of others, and he could not hide from himself his own unworthiness at that moment. But Jack was unaware of the struggle within him, and easily touched. The son guessed the pain of failure that gnawed at his father's heart. That was all. He did not guess the wakening jealousy.

He put his arm through his father's.

"Thank you, sir," he said.

"And now let me into your literary secret," said John Elliot. "Tell me how you reached the page I read, and how you mean to pass on from it. Let me live a little in your work, now that my own is done."

Jack obeyed eagerly.

Thus a certain confidence was re-established between them.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TWO GREAT SHIKARIS.

WE always feel reassured as to the immediate future of the empire when we read the memoirs of men like Baker and Braddon. For both have attained the honorable distinction of dispensing with the titles their sovereign bestowed on them. They are the descendants and representatives of the Raleighs and the Drakes — animated to incessant action by an irrepressible spirit of adventure, versatile in their gifted manhood, prompt in emergencies, ready of resource, with iron nerve and unflinching courage. The two had much in common in their tastes and qualities, although physically very different. Baker was of enormously powerful build, with broad shoulders and massive chest. Braddon is¹ tall, spare, and sinewy, yet with all the appearance of being preternaturally tough. Indeed, neither could have gone through their trying experiences had they not originally been of exceptionally robust constitution, although Braddon's health was shaken by a severe attack of jungle-fever, and Baker was frequently brought to the doors of death in the malarious swamps of Central Africa. Both braced themselves for the more serious business of their lives by daring indulgence in the dangerous wild sports which were their favorite pursuits, before turning their many-sided talents to account in administering, organizing, and in directing successful irregular warfare. The chief difference between them is, that Baker, being born to affluence, was more absolutely master of his actions, and so found opportunities for exploration and travel which Braddon never enjoyed. He had the fortune to associate himself with the solution of the great problem which had puzzled the *savants* of Europe since the days of the father of history. In the way of sport, Baker was perhaps unsurpassed

¹ We used the verb in the past tense in the previous sentence; but we need hardly say that Braddon is living, and likely to live, for the name of the able Tasmanian statesman is continually before the public.

as an elephant-hunter, although rivalled by Selous, who started for the chase with fewer advantages. Braddon says in his "Thirty Years of Shikar," that his heroic friend George Yule had killed more tigers than any man who ever lived. But we have been told by the late Sir George Chesney that Braddon, who was his brother-in-law, had destroyed more tigers than any man now living. Authorities differ as to whether the elephant or the tiger is the more dangerous game; and some, by the way, assert that the buffalo, when tracked in the thickets he frequents, is more formidable than either. Be that as it may, what is certain is, that both Baker and Braddon had a startling succession of hairbreadth escapes. Baker, whether in Ceylon or Africa, was continually playing hide-and-seek with trumpeting "rogues," often almost within clutch of the fatal trunk, or in peril of being crushed beneath the colossal feet. And Braddon was nearly as often at close quarters with the teeth and claws of the savage of the jungles, when roused to fury by intrusion on his retreat or maddened by the pain of his wounds.

An excellent biography of Baker has been lately published.¹ But the authors had to face one insuperable difficulty. As to all the most exciting periods and episodes of his life, Baker had been his own best biographer. Few men who have followed literature as a profession had a more picturesque or fascinating style; his dramatic power of sharp presentation is remarkable, and he excels in concise but most effective description. His early volumes on Ceylon are graphic in the extreme; but perhaps he is seen at the best in the opening chapters of "The Nile Tributaries;" at least, within a narrow compass, they are the best example of his literary power. Nothing can be more strangely impressive than the description of the terrible Nubian desert, traversed by the shorter camel-track which cuts across the long west-

ern sweep of the Nile. "Description," we say; but "the misery of the scene surpassed description." "Glowing like a furnace, the vast extent of yellow sand stretched to the horizon." It was a waste of gloomy volcanic desolation. There were conical tumuli of black volcanic slag which must have been the models for the stupendous pyramids of Ghizeh and Saccarah; and "the surface was strewn with objects resembling cannon-shot and grape of all sizes." "The molten air quivered on the overheated surface;" the mercury under the cooling water-skins stood at 114°. Except at the half-way halting-place between Korosco and Berber not one drop of water was to be found. Baker illustrates the dangers of the march by narrating the frightful catastrophe which befell a regiment of Egyptians. In their agonies of thirst, the men were delighted by the vision of a broad sheet of water shimmering in the distance. They refused to listen to the warnings of their guide; and when he would not lead them in the desired misdirection they slew him. Then they rushed away headlong over the sands to see the delusive mirage vanish before them. The guide was gone; the way was lost, and every man of that ill-fated regiment perished. The caravan-track is only marked by the skeletons of camels, which lie thicker and closer as the wells are approached.

Movrähd (the bitter well) is a mournful spot, well known to the tired and thirsty camel, the hope of which has urged him fainting on his weary way to drink one draught before he dies; this is the camel's grave. . . . The valley was a valley of dry bones. Innumerable skeletons of camels lay in all directions—the ships of the desert thus stranded on their voyage. Withered heaps of parched skin and bone lay here and there, in the distinct forms in which the camels had gasped their last; the dry desert air had converted the hide into a coffin. There are no flies here, thus there were no worms to devour the carcasses; but the usual sextons are crows, though sometimes too few to perform their office. . . . As many wretched animals simply crawl to this place to die, the crows,

¹ Sir Samuel Baker: A Memoir. By T. Douglas Murray and A. Silva White. Macmillan & Co.

from long experience and practice, can form a pretty correct diagnosis upon the case of a sick camel.

Passing onwards beyond Khartoum, in a short sentence or two he gives a vivid idea of the volume of the Nile, which has reclaimed in course of ages, from the shallow sea and the sands of the Libyan desert, the Egypt that has become a synonym for luxuriant fertility.

As we travelled along the margin of the Atbara and felt with the suffering animals the exhaustion of the climate, I acknowledged the grandeur of the Nile that could overcome the absorption of such thirsty sands and the evaporation caused by the burning atmosphere of Nubia. For nearly twelve hundred miles from the junction of the Atbara with the parent stream to the Mediterranean, not one streamlet joined the mysterious river, neither one drop of rain ruffled its waters. . . . Nevertheless the Nile overcame its enemies, while the Atbara shrank to a skeleton, bare and exhausted, reduced to a few pools that lay like blotches along the broad surface of glaring sand.

It would have been difficult to indicate with more concise eloquence the two great problems he had set himself to solve. These were, in the first place, the river-sources, and in the second, the origin of those masses of loam in solution which at a certain season swell the Nile to the turgid flood that annually renews and irrigates the surface of the Delta.

Nor can we refrain from one other extract which reminds us, though on an infinitely larger scale, of the sudden flooding of the Findhorn after a spate in the hills. Baker had been camping on the bank of the Atbara; many of his people, with the Arab villagers, had been sleeping on its sandy bed. At midnight there was a general alarm when a rumbling like thunder was heard in the distance. The familiar warning was recognized, and in a few minutes all was in agitation, as the sleepers were saving themselves and their belongings.

The river had arrived like a thief in the night. On the morning of the 24th June I

stood on the banks of the noble Atbara River at the break of day. The wonder of the desert! Yesterday there was a barren sheet of glaring sand, with a fringe of withered bush and trees upon its borders, that cut the yellow expanse of desert. . . . In one night there was a mysterious change — wonders of the mighty Nile! — an army of water was hastening to the wasted river; dust and desolation yesterday, to-day a magnificent stream, some five hundred yards in width and from fifteen to twenty feet in depth, flowed through the dreary desert. Where were all the crowded inhabitants of the pool?

He had told how crocodiles, hippopotami, and monster fish had been all crowded together in a lakelet.

The prison doors were opened, the prisoners were released, and rejoiced in the mighty stream of the Atbara.

We have quoted enough to do some justice to Baker as a writer, and to illustrate the unavoidable difficulties his biographers have had to face in attempting to reproduce the brilliant narrative it is well-nigh impossible to condense. But to return from the style to the man, we are indebted to the biography for valuable information not otherwise accessible, especially as to Baker's beginnings in life. The eldest son of a wealthy merchant of Bristol, he inherited a comfortable fortune. So it was that he undertook his first sporting trip to Ceylon with every advantage money could supply, and that afterwards he was enabled at his own expense to fit out his costly expedition for African exploration. He was first attracted to Ceylon as a magnificent elephant-preserve. We have compared him to Selous as a mighty elephant-slayer. But whereas Selous in achieving his first great feats had to content himself with wretched and unreliable guns, Baker always prided himself on possessing a first-rate battery, selected with extreme care and utterly regardless of price. He could trust to his guns as absolutely as to his nerve. But as it was not every man who could bend the bow of Ulysses, so few could have handled like playthings Baker's ponderous weapons. After an exhaust-

ing chase, he would snatch from a gun-bearer a fifteen-pound rifle, and pressing onwards, "faint but still pursuing," deliver the death-shot as steadily as if armed with an air-cane. "The Baby," whose scream or roar became familiar to his followers and enemies in Africa, was by far the most formidable. For that piece of shoulder ordnance discharged a half-pound shell, and the recoil of its heavy charge would send its master spinning round like a teetotum.

"The Rifle and Hound in Ceylon" is a delightful book, although, as the thrilling adventures are necessarily of similar character, the climax of sensations is speedily reached, and the narrative latterly becomes somewhat monotonous. On the first occasion Baker went thither for a year's sport; subsequently, having been charmed with the country, he returned as a settler with his brother. There never was any lack of money, and his free-handed liberality made him friends among the forest tribes, who served him as gun-bearers and trackers. He went thither when even coffee-planting was still in its infancy; when there were vast stretches of trackless primeval forest, where no European had ever trod; when you could hear elephants trumpeting in the jungle round Newera Ellia, and shoot a buck on occasion out of the window of the bungalow. Baker lived to learn to subsist for days on wild roots with an occasional handful of the coarse *durrha*, and to deem *kabobs* from a rank old he-goat a luxury. But he confesses that he always liked his comforts, and invariably made himself as comfortable as circumstances admitted. The sylvan hunting-lodge he planned and built at Newera Ellia was a model of architecture suited to the climate, and the housekeeping was always on the most liberal scale. All his expeditions into waste places were carefully planned, with tents and portable articles of furniture, cases of wine, spirits, and liqueur, well-drilled servants, and a competent cook. So, when passing the rainy season on the Athara, Lady

Baker's dressing-table was decked out as coquettishly as if their home had been in Mayfair; and when their tabernacle had been set up among the savages of Unyoro, her boudoir was draped in gay colors, and adorned with mirrors and engravings. On the other hand, when it was a question of exploration or sport, no one held anything more than bare necessities more lightly, and he would face imminent starvation sooner than retrace his steps.

In those Ceylon days, even more than now with our explosive shells and express rifles, the records of his elephant-shooting must have sounded almost incredible. Gordon-Cumming used to expend fifteen to five-and-twenty shots on a single unfortunate animal. Baker thought little of bagging six, eight, or ten out of a single herd—it sounds somewhat ludicrous when he speaks of a "bag" of elephant—and grumbles sometimes at having to content himself with two or three. His plan was always to come to close quarters. He trusted to the shot at the temple or the forehead, which was almost always stupefying if not immediately fatal. On the Abyssinian frontiers he came to the unpleasant conclusion that the forehead shot could never be relied upon with the African elephant, and consequently the danger was infinitely increased. In Ceylon, the great risk at those close quarters was when the charging elephant threw up his trunk so as to protect his forehead. Of course there was the chance of being deserted by the gun-carriers, but both Baker and Braddon generally assured the presence of stanch followers by their unruffled coolness and the deadly precision of their shooting. The worst peril in elephant-shooting is from solitary "rogues," as wary and cunning as they are vicious. In the Ceylon forests they were unusually numerous, and they were wont to go patrolling on the outskirts of each herd, although they did not actually associate with it. Baker had many of his most narrow escapes when attempting to dispose of those vigilant sentinels. On

one occasion he and his elder brother mutually saved each other's lives by dropping two trumpeting rogues to the forehead shots, when the heads of the infuriated monsters were actually over the shoulders of the sportsmen. "The great risk," he says, "in attacking rogue elephants consists in the impracticability of quick movements upon such ground as they generally frequent. . . . Large stones, tufts of rank grass, holes, fallen boughs, gullies, are all impediments to rapid locomotion when the pursued is forced to be continually looking back to watch the progress of his foe, and to be the judge of his own race." But it seems to us that some of his most awkward scrapes were when there was literally no room for movement of any kind. The ponderous bulk of the elephant sends him crashing through the strongest timber, and tearing his way through the matted masses of parasites as if they were curtains of flimsy gauze. Whereas the sportsman can only stand still and shoot, when he has been caught up in something like the heart of a quickset hedge. The South African thickets are bad enough when garnished with the thorns which the Boers humorously named "wait-a-bits." But Baker says that the creepers forced in the tropical temperature of Ceylon bristle with the barbed fish-hooks which might be called "full-stops." If they seize a man who is clad in tough cloth from behind, extrication without assistance is impossible, so that he might be doomed to a horrible and lingering death if he were hung up in the solitudes of the jungles when unattended.

Had Baker had a fair chance with the elephants, he might have relied on his wind and swiftness of foot. The pursuit he preferred even to elephant-hunting involved extraordinary feats of activity and endurance. In the fulness of his purse he indulged himself with a pack of hounds. Hunting in Ceylon was a very different thing from carrying a burning scent over the broad pastures in the Shires, or from a day with the stag-hounds in the Vale of Aylesbury. The quarries were the elk,

the deer, and the wild boar. Going out with the eager dogs, it was easy enough to find the game. A note from one of the skirthers who had struck a scent swelled into a joyous chorus. Guided by the sound, though puzzled by the echoes, Baker dashed off to be up at the bay, reflecting as he ran, like a knowing old fox-hunter, on the line the animal was likely to take. The sporting paradise lying around his lodge was far more picturesque than pleasant. The course lay across ravines which broke into precipitous side gullies, and over hills where the dense woods occasionally opened into enchanting glades. In the depths of each ravine ran a stream, which was swollen after rain into a torrent, and which must be either swum or forded. Frequently the swift flow was interrupted by a headlong rush or the plunge of a cataract. These streams were the favorite refuge of the hunted buck. With the marvellous instinct of self-preservation, he would choose, in all the heat of the chase, some almost impregnable position, where the pack could only assail him from the front, and where each stroke of his hoofs sent a bound into the torrent. Baker, panting forward, would listen to the baying, with feelings of excitement that triumphed over anxiety. For he knew that his best and boldest dogs were possibly being drowned or tossed from the points of the antlers. Attached as he was to his canine companions, we confess we can hardly understand his enjoying the sport. For almost every good burst had its fatal casualties. His stanchest friends were seared and scarred like the heroes of a hundred fights, and often he assisted at some horrible catastrophe he was powerless to prevent. There is something pathetic in the picture of the stanch and sullen old Smut, an immensely powerful half-bred bloodhound, still springing at the ears of buck or boar when he had lost the teeth with which he used to lay hold. Still more touching was the end of the gentle but equally courageous Killbuck, who bled slowly to death of internal wounds, when he seemed to have

escaped comparatively unscathed, and had been put in the slips to be led home. But if Baker would cheer his dogs on the lowered antlers, or on the razor-like tushes which made ghastly gashes, he never spared himself. Armed only with his hunting-whip, he always rushed in to help ; and we may conclude those Ceylon experiences with one of the most exciting adventures. When out with his brother Valentine, there was a slow, running bay, and they knew the pack were on a sturdy old boar who preferred fighting to flight.

The jungle was frightfully thick, and we hastily tore our way through the tangled underwood. . . . There was a fight ! The underwood was levelled, and the boar rushed to and fro, with Smut, Bran, Lena, and Lucifer all upon him. Yoick to him ! and some of the most daring of the madened pack went in. The next instant we were upon him, mingled with a confused mass of hounds, and throwing our whole weight upon the boar, we gave him repeated thrusts, apparently to little purpose. . . . Away went the boar, covered by a mass of dogs, and bearing our weight in addition, as we hung on to the hunting-knives buried in his shoulders. For about fifty paces we tore through the thick jungle, crushing it like a cobweb. At length he again halted. The dogs, the boar, and ourselves were mingled in a heap of confusion. All covered with blood and dirt, our own cheers added to the wild bay of the infuriated hounds and the savage roaring of the boar. Still he fought and gashed the dogs right and left.

Had the hunters not hurried up, half the pack would have been killed or mangled. As it was, although there was no death, there is a ghastly report of mutilations.

It was sport that induced Baker to try Africa, and it was only afterwards that he decided upon his adventurous explorations. It is chiefly as a sportsman that we endeavor to sketch him, and we must touch briefly on the important work of his life. Scott remarks in an article on Leyden, written in 1811, that travel in Africa was virtually suicide. Things have since changed considerably, but it is still the most

trying and heart-wearing task to which any ardent spirit can devote itself. When Baker reached Khartoum in 1861, the power of the slave traders was everywhere unbroken. They raided the cattle which were the current medium of exchange ; by setting neighboring tribes by the ears, they turned fertile fields into wildernesses of weeds ; many villages were sacked and burned ; many others were abandoned ; half the adult males had been massacred, the rest were impressed as ivory porters ; the women and the children were sold into slavery. The arrival of a daring Englishman from the North, although provided with a potent *firmán*, was as astounding as unwelcome. No one believed he had come on such a fool's errand as to go on a profitless quest for the sources of a river. He was received as a political spy, and consequently an enemy. Had it not been for his indomitably persevering resolution, he must have been turned back on the threshold of his enterprise.

Never losing sight of the goal, he went on the principle of *festina lente*. Feeling that some knowledge of Arabic was indispensable, he determined to combine business and pleasure. It was then he went on his expedition among the Abyssinian tributaries, when he mapped that almost unknown country for the benefit of geographers. The sport, in which he indulged to his heart's content, had an exceptional element of danger. For the best of the shooting was in districts into which even the warlike Arabs seldom ventured. It was infested by the Basi, a robber race, who, descending from inaccessible fastnesses in their hills, defy alike the Abyssinians and the Bedouin. Each night the camp was carefully fortified as a zareba ; for if the Basi were not skulking in the surrounding thickets, the nights were made melodious by serenading lions. But for the explorer that country had rare attractions. Not only did he wander about from discovery to discovery, delighted with the luxuriant scenery, which reminded him of the English parks, — not only did he find constant employ-

ment for his rifles,—but he enjoyed the wonderful feats of the natives, who slay the elephant by hamstringing him with their scimitars, when, as he modestly says, he reverently bowed himself to the heroes whose feats far surpassed his own.

On his return from Abyssinia he was delayed for six wearisome months in Khartoum, which he describes as a city of insanitary abominations. When at last he set out, it was with a company of the refuse of Khartoum rascality, who broke out at once in open mutiny. He often congratulates himself on the fortunate possession of great physical strength; and there, as elsewhere, a blow straight from the shoulder, knocking the burly ringleader out of time, stemmed the flood of dissatisfaction. There too, as elsewhere, the *argumentum ad hominem* was clinched by Lady Baker's feminine tact, which often served her husband admirably. It was she, indeed, who saved the expedition from disastrous failure, when she persuaded him to accost the surly leader of the slave trading gang who had threatened to fire on the Englishman's caravan. Nothing short of the explorer's burning zeal could have persuaded a proud man like Baker to stoop to civilities towards the ruffians he detested and despised. Yet ere long he had established a wonderful ascendancy over them. Compelled to cast in his lot with them in face of the native hostilities they had provoked, it was he who took the command in desperate emergencies, and directed the combined operations. Delayed repeatedly on the march for months by the rains and difficulties of transport, when he was nearing his destination his supplies were exhausted. Worst of all, on the borders of the most pestilential districts the quinine had given out. Kamrasi, the king of Unyoro, did much more to hinder than to help, for he desired to engage the redoubtable Englishman as his ally in a civil war. On the final journey which led him to the great discovery, Baker was escorted by three hundred yelling savages, whom he christened "The Devil's Own," on

account of their devilish antics and diabolical headgear. Part of the time he was carried forward in a litter; poor Lady Baker lay prostrate and unconscious, and one night he had given her over as dead, and had actually made arrangements for the interment. But hardships, hunger and thirst, fevers and agues, bivouacs among snakes and scorpions, on sands which were alive with sand-ticks and stinging-flies, were alike forgotten when he looked out on the boundless expanse of the lake he named after the Prince of Wales. "It is impossible," he says, "to describe the triumph of that moment. Here was the reward of all our labor, for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa."

We have compressed the trials and troubles of four years within a page or two, nor can we touch at all on the formidable labors undertaken, as the khedive's governor-general of the Equatorial Provinces, when he organized undisciplined levies into an efficient fighting force and formally annexed Unyoro to Egypt, to the very natural dissatisfaction of its native chiefs. But there is one memorable episode to which we must revert. It brought him mingled delight and disappointment, as for a moment it threatened to baulk his schemes and to make all his preliminary troubles fruitless. He had started not only to search for the fountains of the Nile, but to carry succor to Speke and Grant, who had gone inland from Zanzibar on a similar quest. At Gondokoro he heard of the approach of a caravan, bringing "two white men who had come from the sea." "Could they be Speke and Grant? Off I ran, and soon met them in reality. Hurrah for Old England!" Delighted as he was to welcome his friend Speke, and to make the acquaintance of Speke's gallant companion, he fancied, after he had given them cordial greeting, that there was nothing left for himself to accomplish. To his intense satisfaction, they soon undeceived him. They had heard of another vast lake beyond the Victoria; and, moreover, there was a long stretch

of the Nile they had not ventured to trace because the natives were at war with Kamrasi. Consequently Baker gladly decided to persevere, and to take the chance of the disturbed country having settled down. Very far from showing any jealousy of a rival competing for a share of their honors, Speke and Grant gave the most generous assistance, which Baker gratefully acknowledged. He writes to Admiral the Hon. H. A. Murray : —

Speke when at Gondokoro, in his hot love for geography, planned this exploration for me, and gave me a map of his route and adjacent countries. I am much indebted to him for that map, which has been of immense service ; I am very happy to have been able to run down the game he had scented.

In a subsequent letter, written to Mr. Douglas Murray, there is a warm and discriminating tribute to Grant, to which all who were privileged to have the friendship of the distinguished traveller will heartily assent : —

Speke was a splendid fellow in every way. Grant was a *fidus Achates* to him ; and Grant himself assured me that he would have been unable to carry through the great expedition unaided, and that to Speke alone all honor was due. Grant was one of the most loyal and charming characters in the world. Perfectly unselfish, he adored Speke, and throughout his life he maintained an attitude of chivalrous defence of Speke's reputation, after the latter's death by a shooting accident.

Grant was the most unselfish man I ever met, amiable and gentle to a degree that might to a stranger denote weakness ; but on the contrary, no man could show more strength of character or determination, when he was offended. As a true friend Speke was a hero.

Assuredly we shall seldom, if ever, see again such reminiscences as Braddon's "Thirty Years of Shikar."¹ It is a graphic record of the vanishing past of the Anglo-Indians, and of the habits and manners of a bygone generation. Many of them lived hard and fast ; not a few found opportunities of

earning ample incomes, which they lavished freely in a land that was far removed from their old home. Communications with England were slow and costly ; there were no short fur-loughs ; there were few railways ; and soldiers and civilians, ordered from one station to another, travelled wearily over the ground, by *dak* or boat. Like Braddon, the planters or subordinate officials were banished from white society for indefinite periods. But, on the other hand, there were solitary places, now easily accessible, where the "bark" of the spotted deer made music in the mornings under the verandah of the bungalow ; where the leopards nightly patrolled the village streets, and where the man-eating tiger might make his lair, within gun-shot of the washing-place in the encircling stream. It is as a shikari that Braddon claims our attention ; yet what, perhaps, we have most enjoyed in the book is the social sketches, although, indeed, they are all associated with sport.

When he went out to India to enter a mercantile house, the gaieties of Calcutta were so many snares set for the newly emancipated college lad. The young writer, with an income of £400, often lived freely at the rate of £4,000, and found seducing tradesmen and persuasive usurers who were eager to help him on the road to ruin. So he handicapped himself for the race of life, and might be burdened to the last by his early embarrassments. Visitors from the up-country and the hills surpassed wealthy bachelor officials in careless extravagance. The play in the clubs was recklessly high, as indeed it was elsewhere, and for long afterwards. Notably the sporting indigo-planters, who had been economizing involuntarily in isolation for the best part of the year, came to the City of Palaces to get rid of their superfluous cash in a brief and breathless holiday. Braddon made the acquaintance of one of those free-handed gentlemen, who, meaning to combine pig-sticking with dissipation, had brought a string of a dozen "walers."

¹ *Thirty Years of Shikar*. By Sir Edward Braddon. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

He tacitly warranted them safe and sure, and kindly gave the griffin a mount. The horse took the bit in his teeth, and the rider had a series of exciting experiences and sundry heavy falls. He was asked how the animal had carried him, and when he tried to make the least of the brute's vagaries, out of consideration for the friendly lender, he was blandly informed that it never before had a saddle on its back. But these indigo-planters of the old régime held their own lives so lightly that they might be excused for playing practical jokes with the necks of other people. Braddon picturesquely confirms all that Ingliis (Maori), who was a planter himself, has told us in "Sport and Work in Nepaul" and in "Tent-life in Tigerland." In their petty principalities, on the borderland between barbarism and a land of law, they were almost absolute monarchs. They carried things with a high hand in their dealings with their neighbors. They administered summary justice to the tributary villages, and did what seemed right in their own eyes. Their hospitality might have been a redeeming virtue, had it not frequently degenerated into convivial excesses. "Sometimes this limited monarch lived in a really palatial style—he of Mulnauth, for example. Architecturally considered, Mulnauth ranked among the Indian mansions that I saw second only to Government House, Calcutta, and it stood in a nobly timbered park with which the Calcutta Palace grounds cannot be compared." In the present days of falling prices and keen native competition no indigo-planter could keep up such an establishment. *En revanche* no one could venture now to lead so roistering a life as that of one of Braddon's immediate predecessors on the indigo plantations he went from Calcutta to manage.

He was a typical character of his time. He was a strong man physically and as to his will—a *zubberdust* (high-handed, masterful) man, the people said, and those people trembled at his nod and paid scrupulous respect to all rights of property whereof he claimed ownership; native

swashbucklers ran hither and thither at his bidding; native mothers hushed their fractious babes by the mention of his awful name. And this giant—this Titan among pygmies—led the roaring, rollicking life peculiar to his era and so wofully destructive of the British liver. Day and night the wine-cup and the beer-flagon were passing round his hospitable board, and all the long night through bacchanalian revelry went forward, until the weaker vessels sank below the table and the stronger went staggering to their couches. He, the host, strongest of all, cared not for such effeminate luxuries as bed and blankets; for him a morning shave was ample equivalent for a night's slumber, or if he snatched from the fleeting hours some fragment of time for something more restful than the barber's operations, any convenient strip of turf or puddle served him as well as, or better than, a canopied four-poster. He it was who, as report said, used to take the candle-shades from the wall-sconces and quaff his beer from them in heroic measure. He was a man who should have died in the prime of life as the gallant leader of a forlorn-hope; but it has to be admitted that his mettlesome career had a dismal termination that in no way encouraged imitation of his heroic methods, for while yet comparatively a young man he became a confirmed rheumatic and broken-down invalid.

There was a brief interregnum before Braddon succeeded that gentleman, during which the management had fallen into feebler hands. He came into a troublesome and dangerous inheritance, and might as well have been settled on the Scottish border, between Liddesdale Armstrongs and Grahams of the Debatable Land, in the raiding days before the union of the crowns. He had no backing from any agent of the company, and had repeatedly to repel personal attacks. His most formidable neighbor was a fighting rajah, who was in the habit of exchanging shots and sword-thrusts with his brothers, though they lived together in the same rambling mansion. The rajah's cattle had been turned loose upon Braddon's domains, and when he dared to impound them their owner would come out upon the warpath. Indeed, at that time civil broils between rival indigo-planters were far from unfre-

quent; and Inglis tells of a pitched battle for a store of seed, when he took the field at the head of his own dependants, with horse and foot, and marksmen upon elephants. With Braddon's firm resolution and his suave diplomacy, things began gradually to settle down. The natives soon know when they have to deal with a man; and, after all, in the last resort the forces of the British raj were within his reach. There he served his apprenticeship as a self-appointed magistrate and active justice of the peace. It is needless to say that he had no lack of occupation or of varied practice as superintendent of detectives. Human life was held so cheap in these parts that servants would commit a murder as part of the day's work, and assassins could be hired for a couple of rupees. But the chief difficulty in getting at the truth and assuring a conviction on safe evidence was in the universal prevalence of shameless perjury.

After three years of that busy and exciting life, he shifted his quarters to the north and to a still wilder country. "Jungle was there in every direction of my station, on the hills timber from foot to crest, and on the alluvial plains below dense and tall grass." Though there were tigers, panthers, and bears in abundance, it was two years before he killed his first tiger. But meantime he had more stirring work to do. The warlike Santhals suddenly rose in rebellion. Braddon rather sympathized with the grievances of the insurgents, but was bound to fight them in self-defence. A more favorable country for the campaigning of irregular levies, familiar with the ground and addicted to ambushes, could scarcely be imagined. As Braddon could not persuade the commandant of the nearest European force to take prompt action, he took the field himself with seven English comrades and one hundred and fifty natives. Three of the Englishmen showed the white feather, all the native auxiliaries turned tail, and it was by a miracle that Braddon and his remaining companions were permitted to withdraw, for two thou-

sand Santhals had actually advanced within bow-shot. They probably owed their safety to the pluck and "bluff" which gave the idea of strong reserves in support. But that was far from being his only wonderful escape, for he went on active service with the troops when the troops at last came forward. He was never nearer death than when he plunged into a swollen river, like William of Deloraine, having undertaken to carry an important message to the rear. The rider and the struggling horse were swept down the rapid stream; he missed a snatch at a branch which seemed his last chance of salvation; but when hope was gone, he was caught in an eddy, and floated back within reach of the bough. In the course of the desultory fighting, and afterwards in the darker days of the Mutiny, he and the hostile Santhals learned to like and respect each other. Accordingly he was charged with the raising of a Santhal regiment, and a very humorous account he gives of the drilling of his ragged and unsophisticated corps. But, like Baker with his Soudanese on the White Nile, Braddon made very tolerable soldiers out of savages.

Before that, however, he had been settled as a government deputy-commissioner among the Santhals, where he devotes an exciting chapter to "the Deoghur Tigers." There he was first fairly entered to tiger-shooting. He had better opportunities than fall to the lot of most sportsmen, for the forest tyrants were so audaciously familiar that they sometimes trespassed on his garden. Not a few were noted man-eaters, and all had a decided partiality for human flesh. They preyed upon the pilgrims to one of the most frequented of Hindu shrines; and the officiating Brahmins actually protected them, because they believed them under the guardianship of their god. Braddon naturally took a different view. "I slaved in the Deoghur cutchery and in camp, when I went on tour as magistrate, collector, judge, etc., eight, ten, and twelve hours a day, and every day, with one reserva-

tion — that whenever news was brought of a tiger, panther, or bear, anywhere within twenty miles, my court was to be closed *instantly*." He dealt death and destruction broadcast till the survivors became comparatively shy and retiring. It was in Deoghur that he became the friend of George Yule, whom he admired beyond all men, alike as sportsman and administrator. Yule was as famous a pig-sticker as a tiger-shot. To be invited to one of his select sporting trips to the Terai was regarded as a rare piece of good fortune. It gives an idea of the lordly fashion in which some of the wealthy old-time civilians used to take the field, when we are told Yule had a stud of ten magnificent elephants, each valued at two thousand rupees, besides a dozen or more of high-bred Arabs and "walers." And by the way, reverting to the time he spent in Calcutta, Braddon tells of a great meet of pig-stickers who were entertained by the princely resident at Moorshedabad. The ground was beaten by a hundred elephants in line, and in twelve days of extraordinary sport ninety and nine boars fell to the spears. Braddon himself, when he organized his own parties for the Terai, speaks of engaging two or three hundred coolies.

Tastes differ; but although we can understand his enthusiasm, we should have thought that the pleasures of these expeditions were more than counterbalanced by the pains and sufferings. It had been the policy of Jung Bahadoor, the omnipotent prime minister of Nepal, to discourage settlement of any kind in the Terai, and to keep it an undisturbed preserve for wild elephants. Almost the only inhabitants were wandering herdsmen, who declined to give *khubbur*, or news about the game. The tracks of tigers, sambhur, or bears lost themselves in seas of waving grass, or in thickets of almost impenetrable jungle. If the sportsmen reserved their fire for tigers, there were many days of disappointment and weary expectation. The heat in the stifling coverts was intense; and there were agonies of thirst to be

endured, in the scarcity of drinkable water. Flies and mosquitoes often made a misery of the well-earned evening meal, and the sleeping-tents were infested by poisonous vermin. Most troublesome of all were the forest bees, which would attack in swarms, without any provocation, and put the whole party to rout, endangering the necks as well as the eyesight of the men in the howdahs on the maddened elephants. Possibly it may be owing to resentful recollections of elephants stung to madness, and bolting recklessly ahead, that Braddon speaks so contemptuously of elephant sagacity. He admits that "there is no little physical suffering to be borne by him who shoots tigers in the Terai season," but he declares that, nevertheless, it is more than compensated by the delightful moments of hard-won success. And although he afterwards passes on caudally to paint the darker side of the picture, he begins with an enchanting sketch of the Terai as the ardent tiger-slayer first saw it in rose-color. We present it as a companion picture to Baker's study of the Nubian desert:—

The Nepal Terai came upon one as a delightful contrast to the monotonous succession of mango groves, unhedged and unfenced fields, and stereotyped villages, that are the prevalent characteristics of the drearily level districts of Oudh. In the Terai wide stretches of forest were relieved by undulating glades studded with trees of noble outline and foliage, and emerald plains where in this season the cattle grazed. There was at every turn some fresh and unaccustomed beauty to admire in this sylvan world: a group of forest-trees that overarched the track and stayed the rays of a fiery sun; a park-like bit, the very home of Oberon's court seen through an arch of greenery where, possibly, the feathery cane trailed overhead; a mountain stream meandering between its tree-fringed banks, deep shaded by the branches that kissed the flowing water and poisoned as they kissed; a lake that mirrored the steely blue of heaven, save where the wide-spreading lotus made a splendid harmony of green and white,—all these, and many another physical charm, were there abundant; and many an unfamiliar creature of the wilds was to be seen as one jogged

along—spotted deer in the glades, now and again a sambhur or ghond breaking from cover, or the more frequent pig or hog-deer, or a porcupine, to say nothing of those animals for which we more particularly looked, the tiger, panther, and bear. And birds were there that were peculiar to the Terai,—the white bird of paradise; the night-jar, rising from and settling upon the ground always; the bronzed-winged pigeon, darting in and out amidst the trees like a flying gem; the golden oriel, piping its chaste and Wagnerian recitative up in the treetop; and another member of the feathered choir (whose name I wot not of) that whistled very correctly one-half of a music-hall refrain, and always forgot the remainder; and there were the more generally known pea-fowl, jungle-fowl, black partridge, and florikan, that were perhaps more admired when they came up to the table in a stewpan than in their natural condition.

We should be glad to go on indulging in free quotation. But, cutting the story short, we must be content to say that the "Thirty Years of Shikar" ought to take its place among the most attractive and instructive books on Indian wild sports. For ourselves, we shall give it an honorable place on the shelf with "The Old Forest Ranger," "The Highlands of Central India," "Tent-life in Tigerland," and "Hindu-Koh."

From The National Review.
CONCERNING "DUPPIES."

BY ALICE SPINNER,
AUTHOR OF "A STUDY IN COLOR."

WHEN I first came to Jamaica the surroundings of that lovely tropical island seemed to my unsophisticated eyes to forbid the conventional ghost. The tiny wooden boxes, bright with creepers and gay with green and white paint, that for the most part did duty for houses, offered surely neither space nor attraction to a properly constituted apparition.

It was a surprise, therefore, to find that in the daily life of the negro population "Duppies" occupied a very considerable and, indeed, dignified

position, and were not only recognized as a serious fact, but were to be spoken of—if, indeed, it was advisable to speak of them at all to strangers—with fitting reverence. Even the more educated were not above a lurking belief in their existence; while for the ordinary negro, that there were Duppies around him was as undoubted a truth as the clear sunlight in which he lived.

Now it is the general idea of English people, even of those that have lived all their lives in the West Indies, that a Duppy is simply the negro equivalent for our "ghost;" but after many and patient inquiries from the negroes themselves, this I found to be a mistake.

To be exact, a true "Duppy," although an apparition, is not the spirit or soul, but only the shadow of the departed. The soul being perfectly distinct from its Duppy, and going to heaven or hell as the case may be, leaving its shadow or Duppy to linger behind on earth, where, unless exorcised by certain ceremonies, it may work mischief, or at best, cause annoyance to the living. For instance, the soul of a notorious evil-doer, a noted Obeah man, for example, is supposed by them, naturally enough, to go straight to hell for his crimes, but his Duppy will remain behind him; only, being the shadow of a bad man, it will partake of his vicious qualities, and probably become transformed into a "Rolling Calf," that bugbear of all negroes. A "Rolling Calf" is a very terrible creature that haunts the hillside and lonely places to the terror of travellers. It has fiery eyes, and is accompanied by the sound as of heavy clanking chains. Apart from this, it is shaped much like an ordinary cow, and to be caught by one is death, with the additional horror of being forced afterwards to become a Rolling Calf oneself. One chance of escape, however, remains to the unfortunate victim. The Rolling Calf cannot run up hill, and therefore if a slope can be reached so that one is above, instead of on a level or below, this terrible pursuer, safety is ensured. Possibly some dim re-

membrance of the African buffalo and its habits lies at the root of this strange tradition, for I believe a buffalo cannot charge up-hill.

A cow is a popular shape for even an ordinary and well-disposed Duppy to assume, and any one who has walked along a West Indian lane in the bright moonlight can well imagine how often the sudden appearance of a harmless "moo-cow" between the tall cactus hedges has struck terror into the hearts of weary wayfarers, for nothing can be more weird than the strange forms that the tangled creeper and fantastic cacti assume under such light. The whole face of the country appears transformed. A multitude of flowers that only blossom at night-time now open to the moonlight. Here a tall tree trunk is white with the huge flowers of the sweet night-blooming cereus; there a gigantic frail white circle shows where the moonflower hangs from some tall branch overhead. The very leaves assume new shapes, for many tropical trees really sleep at night, and with evening their foliage folds up or doubles into unfamiliar forms. Insects, quiet enough during the day, now wake up and begin a strange and never-ending concert. There is a constant sound of whirring and chirping, squeaking, whistling, and humming in the air. The cicadas "chirr" incessantly; the bull-frogs croak; the fireflies, and their still more brilliant cousins, the Eucaya beetles, flash and sparkle everywhere.

Small wonder, therefore, that the superstitious negroes, with such natural marvels around them, should add some gratuitous and grotesque inventions of their own. Journeys by the natives, on account of the heat in the daytime, are oftenest undertaken by night, and this fact has doubtless assisted in manufacturing new Duppy stories, and keeping up the old fears.

But although to avoid "Duppies" is difficult, their appearances may be in some measure prevented by due regard to certain rites at death—rites which are in consequence observed with great care by the negroes them-

selves, although jealously guarded from any white person's eye.

I doubt, indeed, if white people have ever assisted at such a ceremony, which I believe is much as follows, although probably it varies in detail with the locality. Burials take place immediately after death for very necessary sanitary reasons, and (presumably for this cause) the actual funeral does not take the important place it assumes with us in England.

On the third night after the death, however, all the neighbors and friends of the deceased person assemble, and hold a kind of "wake," when they sing and wail, eat and drink, to their heart's content, the whole night through. Hardly a week passed that such singing could not be heard from some little shanty close by, for the whole country-side where we were then living was densely populated.

I was told by the servants that the long-drawn chants that thrilled through the night air with an indescribably melancholy effect were hymns, but the airs were very savage and doleful, and, as all negroes invariably sing their loudest, the sounds penetrated far and wide.

One night, however, I heard myself more than this.

In a tiny brown hut but a hundred yards or so from my verandah a negro lad had died.

I heard of it, but without attaching much importance to it at the time. Three nights afterwards the doleful chanting and wailing began. It was so close by, that sleeping was an impossibility. Suddenly, about two or three o'clock in the morning, there was a sudden lull—a silence that was almost startling in its contrast to the din that had preceded it. Then out of the silence a wild shriek of many voices arose, and I heard distinctly the words "Turn him out! Oh! turn him out! There he is, I see him! Go 'way! Oh! turn him out!" ending in a confused babel of yells, but apparently a few moments had settled the intruder, for soon all was once more calm, and the singing was then

resumed and continued without intermission until dawn. The next morning I naturally enquired into the cause of the disturbance, but all the servants contented themselves with looking very wise and grave and saying nothing. At last one old negress, our washerwoman, broke the ice when I told her the words I had heard.

Half hesitatingly she spoke, and in a low voice.

"We no mean to tell you, missus, but 'cos you no laugh at us, an' since you hyar already *dat*, I tell you what it was. *Dat* was de young man's Duppy *dat* come back, and dey driving him 'way 'gain, an' *dat's* what de missus hyar."

I did not laugh, and so was rewarded on this occasion by a lengthy explanation as to the difference between a "soul" and a "Duppy," an explanation in which gradually various other colored and black members of the household joined and helped to enlighten me.

It is from this information that I gathered the following:—

The dead person is always buried in his best clothes. His Sunday clothes if a man, but if it should be a young married woman she would probably be buried in her bridal attire, which means a white dress and a veil as in Europe, only, and, mark you, this is important, in each case all the pockets must be cut out. This is imperative, as otherwise the Duppy would utilize the pockets to carry stones with which it would pelt the living, and also the doors and windows of the house, for to throw stones and gravel is one of the favorite Duppy methods of attracting attention.

The dead person is supposed to "resurrect," as they term it, on the third night after death, when his soul goes in quest of heaven or hell as the case may be, and it is for this reason that the third night is chosen for the "wake" for on that night the "Duppy" returns to his home in hopes of finding an abode there. If he succeeds in taking possession of the house, and more especially the bed on

which he died, it will belong to him forever, and the house will be haunted to the great distress of the living inhabitants. It is in order to prevent such a thing occurring that the following ceremony is gone through:—

Various kinds of food are placed outside in the little "yard" which every negro hut possesses, and where the cooking, washing, etc., is carried on.

In some cases even a white cock or a goat is slaughtered for the same purpose. This is evidently an African tradition, but generally ordinary food suffices.

"Dey bery fond ob rice, drink plenty water too. Some put yams an' coffee, but I myself no tink dey care for coffee, although I hyar different fram odors. 'Spose Duppies like different tings same as people. Anyhow, missus, it always gane by marning, so I 'spose de Duppy like it an' eat it up," was the opinion of one of the maids.

All this done, the nearest friends and relations enter the room where the dead man died. The bed, if bed there be, must be carefully made, with clean white sheets and pillows, so as to look as comfortable and enticing as possible, or the Duppy is not so likely to appear. The friends must then all stand round the room, holding the edges of a clean white sheet, and singing various hymns to protect them from any evil influence. The houses, by the way, are so small that a good-sized sheet would nearly or quite fill the room. There is thus no chance of the Duppy returning unobserved.

They all stand and wait, and what with the singing and the intense strain of watching I was not surprised to hear that they feel "drefful 'fraid" at such times, although they declare that if they pray hard and sing loudly no harm can happen to them. At the exact hour of the night that the death took place, the "Duppy" will enter the house and strive to take possession of his bed. This is the crucial moment, for if once he attains his object he is safe, and it will be impossible ever afterwards to eject him. All, therefore, on seeing him must shake and

beat the white sheet, calling out to him to go away, for this rough reception will startle and terrify him so much that he will be glad to slink off.

To my mind there is something exquisitely humorous in thus turning the tables and frightening a "bogie." This is, however, the proper process of "Duppy Eviction," and one that is always observed in well-regulated negro families. There is no thought of cruelty or unkindness to their departed friend, for the reason I have given, that the Duppy, although in the very shape and likeness of the deceased, is only a "shadow." The real soul of the dead is so distinctly apart from his Duppy that he is apparently not even conscious of what may befall this "shadow Duppy" on earth. This is, possibly, the most curious part of the whole belief.

The Duppy on this solemn occasion invariably appears in the form that it wore during life, wearing the same clothes and in every detail resembling the deceased, although at other times they can take various shapes, making themselves larger or smaller as the case may be. A dog, a cat, or a small puppy are, besides the cow, already mentioned, favorite transformations.

On the ninth night the Duppy, if not sufficiently frightened already, or if particularly bold, may return again, for it is only on the ninth night that the fate of the "resurrected" soul is eternally decided. The process, therefore, has to be gone through once more, but although the ninth night is also spent in watching and singing, I was told that nothing more as a rule is seen.

On the third night, however, I have little doubt myself, that what between excitement, suspense, and terror, they actually contrive to work themselves up to such a pitch that they do believe in all good faith that they see the dreaded Duppy. The long watching, the darkness, made still more ghastly by the flickering candles, the waving white sheet, all lend themselves to the illusion.

There is another curious superstition, that if a death occurs in the house

all the water in it is poisoned at once and must be thrown away. The reason given being that "Death" cools his "sting" after destroying life in the first water he finds; and as no one can tell—death being invisible—what jar he may choose, it is safest to throw it all away. Careful people, to save trouble, even carry all water out of the house immediately *before* a death is expected.

A mulatto girl told me of one woman who was brave or curious enough to stoop down over a water-jar immediately after a death had occurred. She was rewarded by hearing a curious noise, but although she knew it must be Death she dared not look up. She described it as the faint fluttering of a "bat," which it probably was—a "bat" meaning in Jamaica any flying creature that is not a bird. Very possibly it was a huge moth, but if of the kind known as the "Black Witch," the sight would only have increased the woman's fear to have a "Black Witch" flying about the room is a sign of death. It may be mentioned by the way that there is a similar superstition to this last in many parts of France about the humming-bird hawk moth.

It is customary to remove the pillow from the dying person, so that they may die lying quite flat. For what reason the negroes do this I know not, but I am told it is always done by them. I have heard that the same thing is done in some country districts in England under the belief that it makes "dying easier." It probably has assisted to help some unfortunates out of the world in the West Indies, for I have heard that the pillow is in many cases positively snatched away.

Although generally harmless, Duppies are not devoid of malice. In particular they hate young puppies, and will strangle any they can find unless they are protected by a red collar.

I myself saw a large family of infant puppies decorated in this way with old red rags strung round their necks, and very odd they looked, as they were hardly past the blind stage. Big dogs can, however, protect themselves, and,

indeed, Duppies are much afraid of such animals. A white chalk cross may often be seen on the door of the negro huts. This is to prevent a stray Duppy's entrance, for no Duppy can cross a threshold so protected, although the cross is of no avail if he is already in possession.

Most negroes wear charms against Duppies; indeed, many colored people, if the truth were known. A little bag tied round the neck is no great trouble, and it will effectually prevent their harming the wearer. A silver penny or "quattie" is in the bag, and a piece of garlic. "Yes, missus, an' a grain of corn an' somefing else, but what that somefing else is I do not know," I was told by a brown girl. Perhaps the "somefing" was assafoetida, for an English nurse in the hospital assured me that little bags containing that evil-smelling drug are often found on the patients, and the reason for their use is always the same—"Duppies." The smell is, I suppose, obnoxious to them, for they are supposed to be much addicted to strong sweet scents, "essences," as the negro servants call such perfumes, and will follow and pursue those persons who make use of such.

Many Duppies are themselves so highly scented with such essences that they may be plainly traced as they walk along, although otherwise invisible. This is universally believed, and, oddly enough, has some foundation, for often myself, when I have been out walking in the early morning, I have been puzzled by meeting a sudden whiff of strange, sweet scent, apparently from nowhere. It lasted an instant, and was gone; but the curious sensation it gave me made one understand how it strengthened the popular belief, and then I remembered how easily, in this country of sudden currents and gusts of wind, a strong breeze loaded with the scent of some far-off blossom, may chance to come your way. A sudden hot gust of wind also betokens a Duppy's presence; for they are not like our chilly northern ghosts, but, on the contrary, give out a great heat.

The coolies are supposed to be almost as wise as the Obeah men in Duppy lore, and are, therefore, often consulted by those in dread of such shadows. This is a curious anomaly, for otherwise there is remarkably little intercourse between the two races—the industrious coolies greatly despising the negroes, and the negroes, while perfectly acknowledging the superiority of the Eastern race, disliking them heartily none the less. There is a great scarcity of women among the imported coolies, yet inter-marriages between them and the black women are almost unknown, but over this one subject of Duppies they make friends.

"Missus," said a chocolate-colored young lady one day to me, "de coolies so clebber, dey know even more about Duppies dan de Obeah men, so we often go to them." And then she proceeded to inform me that coolies are strongly of opinion that no sweet scent or perfumed hair-oil should be used if the slightest suspicion that a Duppy is "haunging around" is entertained, for Duppies have keen noses, and smell it a long way off, so that those who use such essences are more easily found by them. To judge by the strength and quantity of the cheap scents used at Sunday church, on that day at least their fear of Duppies must be kept in abeyance. Possibly Duppies are not a church-going community.

Coolies also advise, if such a catastrophe as having a "Duppy put on you" occurs, for the sufferer to cross the sea. Duppies can cross even running water, but the sea is beyond their powers, and doubtless many negroes cross the sea and settle in other islands for this reason alone, and *vice versa*.

"Putting Duppy" on a person is a dire threat. My nurse had a gruesome tale of two families that lived near her home who perished and died of mutual fear of each other by this means, although a little "Obeah" was probably mixed up with it, and "Obeah" in a country where vegetable poisons of unknown virulence abound is no laughing matter.

Naturally, with all these beliefs, it

follows that the Duppies of those who die suddenly, either by accident or violence, and are, so to speak, let loose on the world at large, accounts for the roadsides, the woods, and the "pin-guin" hedges being infested by them.

A large, sandy gully near us, which in the rains was subject to rapid floods, had a particularly unenviable reputation. The highroad crossed it, and many people in course of years had been drowned in trying to ford it at such times. Of course, therefore, their Duppies haunted its banks ever afterwards. Hospitals are for the same reason filled with Duppies, for naturally, although many deaths must occur, none of the subsequent ceremonies can be gone through. Every West Indian hospital nurse must be, I am certain, a walking dictionary of Duppy stories. Many of them nowadays are, however, English ladies, and before the devotion of such brave, good women Duppies themselves will have to flee as time goes on.

I was given a most circumstantial account of the apparition of two French gentlemen who had died of fever in the hospital at Colon. These "Duppies" did no harm, but were distinctly seen in every ward by the patients one evening. There was no possible means of exit or ingress save the usual ones, so that unless supernatural means were employed the fact remained inexplicable. The woman who told me of this had been the matron of the hospital, and was to some extent an educated and superior person, but she was West Indian born and bred, and therefore quite ready to explain it by the Duppy theory. A fire attracts Duppies almost as much as scent.

A little boy I knew, called Josiah, was supposed to have the gift of seeing Duppies. He was a nice, happy-looking child, as black and as shining as ebony, and his supernatural endowment appeared neither to affect his spirits nor his appetite for "candies." His mother, a dilapidated brown woman with a touch of Carib Indian blood in her veins, told me all about it. She was by profession a floor-cleaner, and

spent most of her life on her knees with a pail of uninviting dark "stain" on her left hand, and the half husk of a cocoanut in the other. It was a life that appeared to offer singularly little scope to the imagination, but as it kept her and Josiah in comparative comfort she acquiesced in it gladly. She told me, squatting on the floor and emphasizing her remarks occasionally by a languid rub. I think I have mentioned before that any vigorous movement is unfashionable here.

"Yes, missus, for true my Josiah can see Duppies. He see one de oder day. No, he no being frightened, but he see it plain. A big Duppy just the same as a woman, an' wid her head tied sitting by our kitchen an' blowing fire fram de coals. No he did not go near 'nuff to touch it, 'cos he *rader* 'fraid, but he see her 'stinctly." Then she added, with some pride, "Yes, missus, Josiah always will see Duppies, 'cos he born wid a caul on, an' dose little infants always do. I keep de caul, missus, berry careful, an' ofturtimes I get threepence for a lilly bit, for people know 'bout Josiah an' dat I hab it, an' so come an' buy lilly bits as a charm against Duppies. Isn't it strange, missus, dat to a chile born wid a caul it makes see Duppies, an' for de oders it keep dem 'way? Some people see dem widout, but den dey say dey born wid de caul *inside* dem—but I no 'stand dat. Pears strange—"

Poor old ragged Sue! the chance that the little Josiah had been born with a caul was her chief title to honor, and the stray threepenny bits that the sale thereof had brought had often helped her over hard times.

Lovers of scenery have to thank our friends the Duppies for the preservation of all the splendid old "ceiba" or silk cotton-trees that are still to be met with, for were it not for this belief they would long ago have met the fate of the other beautiful timbers of the island. As it is, being supposed to be the chosen haunt of the Duppies, they are allowed to remain, for no negro dare attempt to cut them down, and

when it is necessary that this be done a vast amount of rum has to be expended by the white owner, to be used both in appeasing the avenging spirit of the doomed tree and in making the wood-cutters very drunk, in which case they are not deemed apparently so responsible for their sacrilege.

I have heard that the negroes even object to use the fallen branches as fuel for fear of the Duppies, or "Jimbi," that still cling to them. Strictly speaking, however, I imagine that these cotton-tree spirits, although now confounded with Duppies, belong to the order of ancient tree-deities, and that the "Jimbi," or "Jumbo" worship is quite a different thing. It is evidently one of the old imported African beliefs, and one that, since it has saved so many noble trees, we may be grateful for.

Babies that die before baptism turn into Duppies; in fact, they seem to become a kind of mischievous house-sprite much like the Brownie of northern nations. When thus transformed they most ungratefully plague their mother, inflicting on her in particular a perfect shower of petty annoyances. Thus they will upset and hide things, and most especially delight in throwing sand and gravel on the roof, but except for this and causing strange noises and raps, they are incapable of serious harm. Babies should therefore be christened as soon as possible, for, apart from this danger, there are wicked old women called "Ha-iegs" (Anglice "Hags"?) who take advantage of their helpless condition to suck their soul away, or even to steal the children bodily. These "Ha-iegs" are, however, only to be found in remote country places, and rarely come near towns. Perhaps there is some legend of the terrible "Mamalois," those ghastly priestesses of cannibalism of Haiti, in the story, for in that island at least, the tale would have a tangible foundation.

As is believed generally in Europe, unchristened children, therefore, should not be left alone, although blue cloth wrapped round them, or a piece of

blue stuff tied to them, is a safeguard. This last fancy is clearly a relic of the old Spanish days, for blue is the Virgin's color, and to dress a child in blue was a sign of placing it under her protection.

As in all real ghost stories, the apparent aimlessness of all the tales I heard is striking, for although I have heard dozens first hand, they all led to nothing, and one was a type of them all.

For instance, a negro told me he had seen a Duppy the night before. It was in the shape of a little negro girl, and he at first thought it was the small sister of one of the maids who often came to the house. He was not in the least frightened, therefore, although he saw she was following him. Suddenly she vanished before his eyes, and then he shook with fear, for he knew it had been a little "Duppy girl."

Duppies are by way of sometimes coming into stables and, taking the horses out, ride them all night. They always bring them back carefully at dawn, but the horses are worn out and unfit for work the next day. This is a very convenient manner to account for a horse's jaded aspect at times, for negroes love riding, and will often "borrow" a horse, unknown to its master, for the pleasure of riding it at night.

I had one rather amusing Duppy experience myself. A very nice brown housemaid told me that she had seen a Duppy of a novel kind when staying in the hills. It was at midday, but the weather was grey and cloudy. She was out of doors when it happened, and this Duppy, although dressed like an ordinary black woman, with a handkerchief tied round her head, was walking along the path in front of her with a lighted candle on her head, and a "dagger" in each hand.

She told me of it several times, but her story was always the same. She said she felt too frightened to go up close to the woman, although she saw her clearly, and then the "Duppy" vanished in the orthodox way.

I was on a visit at the time, and I had had a touch of fever, which, I suppose, made me inclined to be nervous. I was lying in consequence half awake in bed about nine o'clock at night, when suddenly and noiselessly I saw, apparently suspended in the air, a lighted candle. The room was very dark, for the moon had not yet risen, and as my eyes became accustomed to the light I saw a shining black face appear below the candle.

It looked so ghastly in the flickering circle of light that I own I felt rather odd as I called out, "What is that?"

"Me, missus," said a soft voice. And behold it was a strange housemaid who had brought some water, and thinking herself alone had, to save herself trouble, resorted to her beloved native custom of carrying the candle on her head. If I had not thus been enlightened, possibly I might to this day had a Duppy story of my own.

In the churchyard, large flat tombstones may be seen even on the graves of the very poor. These are supposed so assist in imprisoning the Duppy, who presumably in this case is safely below. The heavier the tombstone the greater the security, and this is more especially necessary in the case of a dead husband or wife. I have even heard of an impatient but impecunious widower having to wait many months until he had saved enough to "tomb up" his first wife; but once number one was safely "battened down," so to speak, the second wedding took place with great rejoicings, although the cause of the delay was held to be most reasonable by all his friends. One is reminded of Undine and the imprisoned fountain, although it seems a black caricature of Fonqué's lovely tale.

It is possible for two living people to make a compact that if one dies the other shall be called upon to follow him; but if any one should suggest such a thing to you, no love should prevent you from immediately "cursing and swearing at them, beating and pushing them away meanwhile with all your strength," for in this case silence

is assent, and then you will be bound to go when "deir Duppy call you."

Here is a story in point, told me by my brown Margaret one evening. I wish, however, I could convey in print the conviction and dramatic emphasis with which she spoke. The brown face was lit up with excitement, for she had known well all the actors in the strange little tragedy.

"Dere was a man, missus, dat I knew well. He lib near us at St. Barbara Hills, an' he berry 'spectable man, and almost white. Rich, too, an' drefful proud of his light color. He hab coffee an' chocolate trees, an' work hard an' so mek' plenty money an' build for himself an' his wife an' daters a grand house.

"All de people round talk ob it an' de fine tings he must do for dem when his house ready, but he awful proud an' say, 'I build house for Barbary Dove an' for Bald Pate, but no for Blackbird or John Crow,' which mak' de folk round vexed, 'cos dey know well what he mean by dat, and dat he tink dem no good nuff to come to his new house, an' dey say, too, he come to no good by boasting like dat.

"Well, missus, look hyar. He no long get in his fine house, an' he prouder dan ebber, 'fore he find out dat his oldest dater Rosie gwine to hab a chile, an' worse, dat de fader a dark man. He mad, 'cos he so proud ob his family, an' so he curse an' beat an' kick dat poor gal till she most dead.

"She sit an' cry all day, but her moder love Rosie all de same, an' try an' spare her, an' den one day de poor moder fall sick herself, half through fretting ober poor Rosie, an' she soon feel herself dying, so she call Rosie and say, 'Dater, I'se dying, an' when I dead, 'cos I know you no able to bear your life widout me to come 'tween you an' your fader, my Duppy shall come for you.'

"Well, missus, Rosie's so sick, an' so sad, an' in such distress, she no say anything, an' no go to beat her moder or curse her, 'cos she see she dying an' she lose her best friend dat she lub. De moder died an' buried, all quite

properly done, missus, an' a month afterwards poor Rosie hab a nice baby boy. She berry well and just lying wid de baby a few days afterwards, an' her sisters in de room wid her, for dey berry kind and sorry for her. When all de sudden she rise up in her bed an' look an' look, an' her hair stand right out, an' she 'gin to cry an' bawl 'Oh moder, moder—go 'way, moder; take your handkerchief'—for she had a nice silk handkerchief dat belonged to her moder on her head, an' she try an' unfasten de handkerchief. She try an' frow it in de air, an' she beating de air all de time wid her hands an' crying out piercing, an' den de lights an' de candles all burn blue. Oh, missus, her sisters tell me it was fearful to see her, for dey see nobody but deir sister screaming mad wid terror an' calling for her moder to leave her, for she no fit to die; but den she struggle less an' less, an' in a minute or two she die wid a shriek of 'moder,' an' den de sisters remember how deir moder had pramised to fetch her."

Margaret stopped. She was quite shaking with terror at her own tale, and her face under the warm brown skin looked grey.

"Oh, missus!" she said faintly, "if such a ting shuld happen as a Duppy come for me I should die ob fear," and such fears no doubt do cause inexplicable deaths and help to fill the lunatic asylums year after year. I heard of one patient who imagines she has swallowed several Duppies, and maintains that they disagree dreadfully with each other and herself in consequence in their present circumscribed quarters.

One more characteristic fact and I have finished.

I was told, and on good authority, that the south-west entrance of the "Camp" in one of the principal West Indian garrison towns has practically to be left without a sentry, for no negro has yet been found to face the Duppies that infest this particular spot. Long, long ago, in the days when yellow fever reigned supreme, some English officers were buried there, and ever since their death their Duppies rise up

and torment and terrify the sentries so much that to place them on that particular spot has had perforce to be abandoned, although naturally the fact and its reason is not announced to the public. Truly, in these islands Duppies are a power.

From Belgravia.

MONTAIGNE'S ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

THOSE writers who, thanks to a long life, serve as links between two distinct periods of literature, always offer an interesting study, however small the part which they themselves played in either period. The greater the contrast between any two such periods, the more interesting the life of the connecting link. No two ages of French literature could be apparently more sharply divided than the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or, to speak more accurately, the Renaissance and the classical period. Mlle. de Gournay, who, were it not for her title of the adopted daughter of Montaigne, would now be completely forgotten, living, as she did, from 1565 to 1645, was a contemporary of such dissimilar writers as, on the one hand, Montaigne and Amyot, the two chief prose writers of the sixteenth century, Ronsard and Jodelle, the two most famous members of the *Pléiade*, and, on the other hand, of Malherbe, Balzac, Voiture, Chapelain, Scarron and the rest of the writers who paved the way for Boileau, who was nine years old at her death.

But Marie Le Jars de Gournay, to give her her full name, deserves to be studied, not only owing to the length of her life, but also because she is one of the most grotesque figures in the history of French literature. Her father, Guillaume Le Jars, Seigneur de Gournay, "a person of honor and understanding," to use his daughter's words, died just as he was well on the way to restore the fallen fortunes of his house by his successes at court, where he was treasurer of the king's household. His widow and children took up their abode at the castle of Gournay, in Picardy,

where Marie, though a mere child, devoted herself to study with such energy that, in spite of the "aversion" of her mother, who was doubtless troubled to see the hours which should have been devoted to the acquisition of household accomplishments, spent in the reading of books — without any help whatever, and, which is less extraordinary, without a grammar, she managed to learn Latin by the tedious process of carefully comparing certain translations with their originals. It is perhaps advisable to make one's first acquaintance with a language unhampered by the cut and dried rules of grammar, still it is not the less extraordinary that a child should have had the inclination for, and, what is more, the determination to continue, a course of study which must chiefly have consisted of guess-work. Her method was scarcely the same as the Hamiltonian system, for, although grammar is of secondary importance in that, an interlinear word for word translation is considered indispensable, while Marie de Gournay had probably, judging from most of the translations of the period, to content herself with what was a very free paraphrase rather than a literal rendering. She started on Greek with the same method, but it is not surprising that she gave it up in despair. Her thirst for knowledge was unquenchable. She studied, equally unassisted, history, ethics, grammar, geometry, and at this early age acquired a taste for chemistry, or rather alchemy, which, in later years, led her to waste what little money she had in a search for what has evaded the grasp of many a more learned person, the Philosopher's Stone.

She was in the heart of her studies when, in 1583, an event happened which shaped her life for her. By some means or other she became possessed of a copy of Montaigne's "Essays," which she devoured eagerly, so eagerly that, as she confesses herself, "people almost thought from her transports that she was mad." It should be added that this girl of eighteen, entirely self-educated, was one of

the first to appreciate the "Essays," which were at this time comparatively unknown.

From this date she "began to desire the acquaintance of the author more than anything else in the world." Her wish was granted five years later, when, she and her mother being at Paris, where Montaigne was also present engaged in reprinting the "Essays," she managed to let him know of her admiration, with the result that, the very next day, the philosopher of Bordeaux presented himself, "offering her the affection of a father for his daughter." During the nine months they remained in Paris, they met constantly, and, on their return to Gournay, the great man accompanied them. When he left them to return to Bordeaux, she hastily sent after him a manuscript, entitled "Le Proumenoir de M. de Montaigne," because, she writes in the preface (which is dated, Gournay, November 26th, 1588), "as we were walking together only three days ago, I repeated to you the story which follows." The story in question is a Persian tale, somewhat long-winded and with a very complicated plot, as was the fashion in those days. It was accompanied by a translation of the second book of the "Æneid," and a "Bouquet Poétique," chiefly consisting of epigrams (of a sort to be expected from a young lady just over twenty) and similar trifles in verse. The book, when published five years later, had a certain amount of success, and is interesting as being her first work. In after years it was reprinted "at the request of certain ladies of the highest rank," amongst whom one would like to number, although there is no authority for it, "the incomparable Arthenice," Madame de Rambouillet, the patroness and friend of most of the literary men and women of the day.

Montaigne, even after so short an acquaintance, had formed a very high opinion of his "adopted daughter," a title which he had bestowed on her, and of which she used to say she was more proud than she would have been

of that of Mother of the Muses. In Chapter XVII. of the second book of the "Essays," he writes :—

I have taken pleasure in publishing in several places the expectations I entertain of Marie Le Jars de Gournay, my adopted daughter, whom I certainly love far more than if she were my own blood, and treasure up in my solitary retreat as one of the best parts of my being ; I have no regard to anything else in this world but her. If one may presage from her youth, this soul will one day be capable of very great things, and, among others, of the perfection of this very sacred tie, friendship, to which we read not a single member of her sex has yet been able to arrive ; the sincerity and honesty of her manners are already sufficient for it ; her affection for me, more than superabundant and such that, in short, it leaves nothing to be desired save that the apprehension she has of my death, owing to my five-and-fifty years when she first met me, might not cause her such anxiety. The opinion she formed of my first "Essays," being a woman, and living in the present age and so young, and alone in her own place ; and the extraordinary vehemence with which she loved me and long desired to meet me, merely from the esteem she had of me long before she had seen me, are circumstances very worthy of consideration.

Who shall deny, after this last paragraph, that the "Essays" are, as their author terms them, "a book of good faith" ?

Montaigne's adopted daughter lost her mother in 1591, and proceeded to establish herself in Paris, living on an income which, when the eldest son had had his, the lion's share, consisting as it did of "rents ill-paid," was sufficient to leave her uncomfortably off. The following year, to her equally great sorrow, her adopted father died, and then Mlle. de Gournay did what was a very brave thing when we remember the state of France at the time. In spite of the danger from the numerous bands of marauding soldiers that were prowling about the country, she made her way from Paris to Bordeaux to sympathize with Montaigne's widow and daughter. She remained with them fifteen months, and, during her visit, started on the work for which

she is most entitled not to be altogether forgotten. Montaigne when he died had been engaged in preparing another edition of the "Essays ;" with the full consent of his widow, Mlle. de Gournay undertook to complete his work. Her task, but we may be sure it was a labor of love, was finished in 1595. The edition, which she published in that year, was, however, superseded by the second and improved edition which, dedicated to Richelieu, she brought out by subscription, as we should term it, forty years later, in 1635.

This, which, in spite of divers attacks on it, has been the standard edition ever since, is remarkable not only for the preface, which is at once an elaborate eulogy and a defence from all possible criticism that her adopted father's work might be submitted to, but also for the trouble she took to trace to their sources and translate the numerous Greek and Latin quotations with which the "Essays" are studded. Chapelain, in one of his letters, accuses her, very unjustly, of having brought it out for the sake of gain alone. "Philosophy," he writes, "goes ill with love of gain, and I do not like the daughter of the great Montaigne announcing that she is reprinting the 'Essays' only for the sake of honoring his memory. . . . She must put up with this reprimand, and with my reproach that, in this point, she does not show herself too filial." This is unnecessarily severe, but Chapelain, as we shall see, rather disliked Mlle. de Gournay. The book was dedicated to Richelieu not so much for his sake as for Montaigne's ; for, although she does pay the cardinal a somewhat extravagant compliment when, and it is not, of course, sarcasm, she praises him as "the author of so many undying works of various kinds, that it seems you have undertaken to enrich and extend the Empire of Immortality," her real reason was her "hope that the impure hands which for a long time have blasted the reputation of this same book, by so many bad editions, will no longer dare to

commit the sacrilege of approaching it when they shall see it under your protection." She had indeed very pronounced views about the duties of editors. In the preface to an edition of her own works she writes: "If this book survives me I forbid every one to take anything from it or to change anything in it, under pain of being held detestable by all honorable men, and considered violators of an innocent tomb. The insults, nay the murders of reputation that are matters of everyday occurrence in this impertinent age, call on me to publish this imprecation."

At Paris, Mlle. de Gournay was received in good society (for, was she not, as Tallemant des Réaux puts it, *bien demoiselle*?) but, unfortunately, became a general laughing-stock, first, probably, because she was a confirmed old maid, and secondly because she was an authoress. She never married, because, like another famous old maid of the same period, to whom she bears a remarkable resemblance, Mlle. de Scudéri, she had no great opinion of men. Mlle. de Scudéri did not marry, because she thought that every man had it implanted in his nature to become a tyrant, Mlle. de Gournay, because she held very pronounced and very advanced views upon the equality of the sexes, a subject which, as Lady Mary Montague says of herself, "was apt to run away with her." It should perhaps, to be perfectly fair to both sides, be added that both Mlle. de Scudéri and Mlle. de Gournay possessed mental rather than bodily beauty.

Her chief tormentors were the Count de Moret, an illegitimate son of Henri IV., the Chevalier de Bueil, and M. de Yvrande. These "pests," as Tallemant dubs them, played a cruel practical joke upon her. She was induced to believe, by means of a letter purporting to be inspired by James I., that that monarch was burning to possess her portrait and an account of her life. She was taken in, spent six weeks in writing an autobiography, and more money than she could afford in having her portrait taken, and despatched the

whole in due course to the English court, where, naturally, nothing could be made of it. She was undeceived later on, but not before she had, in one of her pamphlets, alluded to the "honorable expressions of his late Very Serene Highness, the King of England." It was a cruel trick, but practical jokes were a fashion of the day.

It was about this time that she gave up literature for alchemy, and spent most of her money in a search for the Philosopher's Stone. When blamed by some Job's comforter for having wasted her fortune in such a way, she made the highly original excuse, in the true spirit of a philosopher, that "her fortune was not sufficiently important to deserve being taken care of!" In a tract of hers which she called her "Apologie," she gives a detailed answer to her critics (or her *drapeurs*, as she terms them) who had accused her, though it is hard to say what business it was of theirs, of being a spendthrift. "Not only," she writes, "my clothing expenses, but also the expenses of my lodging, board, and furniture, have always been those of a frugal housewife. I never had but a mattress of wool, whatever the season, my tapestry was but light, and everything else was on a similar scale. As to the carriage that I kept, that is necessary to ladies of my rank, owing to their birth; it is, too, indispensable, owing to the length and dirt of the streets of Paris. . . . Besides, the general and tyrannic fashion of the age makes the lack of a carriage so great a disgrace, that it is not permitted to those who would live with a certain amount of propriety to reflect whether they can afford one or not."

A more laughable, as it was a less cruel, practical joke than that mentioned above was played upon her by the same gentlemen, of which an entertaining account is given by Tallemant in his *historiette* on Racan. It is perhaps worth quoting at full length as a specimen of many similar anecdotes which abound in the "Historiettes" of Tallemant, who is the Brantôme of his period.

The Chevalier de Bueil and M. de Yvrande, knowing that Racan intended to call on Mlle. de Gournay at three o'clock on a certain day to thank her for her book, bethought themselves of playing him and the poor lady a trick. The Chevalier went to her house at one, and proceeded to knock. Jamyn (her companion) informed Mlle. de Gournay that a gentleman wished to see her. She happened to be writing some poetry, but rising, said: "That was a happy thought I had, but perhaps it will return and this gentleman very possibly will not." The Chevalier was announced as M. de Racan; Mlle. de Gournay, who only knew the latter by name, believed it. She paid him a thousand compliments, in her usual way, and thanked him especially because, although he was young and handsome, he did not disdain to call on a poor old maid. The Chevalier, who was a man of wit, completely deceived her. She was charmed to see him in such a good humor, and, noticing that her cat was mewing, said to Jamyn: "Keep my pet Piaillon quiet, I want to listen to M. Racan." Soon after he had gone, Yvrande arrived, and, finding the door half open, said, as he came in, "I enter in a very unceremonious manner, mademoiselle, but the illustrious Mlle. de Gournay ought not to be treated as an ordinary person." "That's a very pleasant compliment," cried the old maid, "Jamyn, give me my tablets, I'll make a note of it." "I have come, mademoiselle," he continued, "to thank you for the honor you have done me in giving me your book." "Excuse me, sir, I can't possibly have given it to you; still I ought to have done so. Jamyn, hand me a copy for this gentleman." "I have one already, mademoiselle, and to prove it, I tell you there are such and such words in such and such a chapter." Afterwards he said that, in return for her present, he had brought her some verses of his own; she took them and proceeded to read them. "Ah, Jamyn, these are excellent—Jamyn can be present, sir, she is a natural daughter of Amadis Jamyn, a page of Ronsard's. This is very good indeed, here you imitate Malherbe and here you imitate Colomby. But am I not to know your name?" "Certainly, mademoiselle, I'm called Racan." "You are making fun of me." "Am I likely to make fun of such a heroine, the adopted daughter of the great Montaigne?" "Well, well," she answered, "the gentleman who has just left must have played a trick on me, or else

you are the culprit. But never mind, youth may laugh at age. At all events I am very happy to have made the acquaintance of two such handsome and witty gentlemen." With these words they separated. A moment afterwards the real Racan entered, terribly out of breath. He was somewhat asthmatic, and the lady was lodging on the third floor. "Mademoiselle," said he, somewhat unceremoniously, "may I sit down?" He proceeded to do so very awkwardly, besides stammering as he spoke. "Oh, Jamyn, what an extraordinary creature," cried Mlle. de Gournay. "Mademoiselle, in a quarter of an hour, when I have taken breath, I shall be charmed to tell you why I have come. Might I ask why the devil you lodge so high up? Well, I must thank you for the present of your book; I am very much obliged to you for it." The lady, in spite of his thanks, continued to look at him with contempt. "Jamyn," she said, "disabuse this poor gentleman. I have given copies only to M. de Malherbe and M. de Racan." "Well, I am M. de Racan." "Oh, this is too good. At least the other two were pleasant enough, but this gentleman, Jamyn, is but a sorry buffoon. I don't know, sir, who you really are, but at any rate you are the most stupid of the three. I am not going to be laughed at," she continued angrily. Racan, not knowing what to do, suddenly perceived a collection of poems. "Mademoiselle," said he, "take that book and I will repeat, word for word, all my poems that are in it." But this did not appease her, she began to cry "Thieves!" some one entered the room, and Racan, grasping the hand-rail of the staircase, slid down to the ground floor.

However, the lady discovered her mistake later on, offered a full apology to the unfortunate poet, and they were the best of friends ever after.

The above anecdote commonly known as "*Les Trois Racans*," of which a slightly different version is given in the "*Ménagiana*" of Ménage (a learned pedant of the day and a friend of Mlle. de Gournay), who makes the infuriated lady belabor the mystified Racan with her shoe, hugely delighted all Paris. Boisrobert, who was a kind of head-buffoon in Richelieu's establishment, used to enact the scene for his benefit when the cardinal

felt dull, and, in later years wrote a comedy, "*Les Trois Orontes*" with this as its main incident. The practical joke had, one is pleased to add, a lucky ending for Mlle. de Gournay. Richelieu was incited by the success of her three tormentors to try to play one on his own account on the lady. He sent for her, and then proceeded to pay her a series of compliments couched in the antiquated terms and expressions which abounded in her books and which he had carefully got by heart. But Mlle. de Gournay, who was no fool, perceived that she was being laughed at, and passed off the cardinal's somewhat cumbersome witticisms with such a good grace that he seems to have been thoroughly ashamed of himself, and on her departure, having learnt from Boisrobert the state of her affairs, procured her a small pension, adding a smaller for her cat, besides a pistole for the cat's kittens.¹

Mlle. de Gournay was attacked by other people besides her three particular tormentors. St. Amant, a Bacchanal poet of the day, handles her rather roughly in his "*Poète Crotté*," (or Grub Street poet, to use our term), St. Evrémont put her in his comedy of "*Les Académistes*," and her friend Ménage laughs at her for her affection for out-of-date words in his "*Réquête des Dictionnaires*." Her sentiments towards the courtiers of the period, who seem to have taken especial delight in making fun of her, are briefly summed up in a couplet from one of her poems:—

Le monde est une cage à fous ;
Gens de cour le sont presque tous.

She was however largely to blame herself for many of the attacks upon her. For instance, she entangled herself,

very unnecessarily, in the Anti-Coton controversy. The Père Coton, a Jesuit, who had been Henry IV.'s confessor, was, after the murder of the king by Ravallac, accused of having had a hand, or rather a voice, in the matter. Mlle. de Gournay promptly rushed into print on his behalf and published a tract, which was speedily answered by another entitled "*L'Anti-Gournay*," in which a libellous charge was brought against her, for as Bayle says in his biographical sketch of her in his dictionary, "satirical writers are scoundrels who give no quarter, they attack women on their weakest point." However, as a friend of hers, Cardinal Perron, remarked in a very unfriendly spirit, "to clear her reputation, she need only have published her portrait as a frontispiece to her works."

She rather laid herself open to ridicule by her enthusiasm for the language of Amyot, Ronsard and her adopted father, as opposed to that of Balzac, Malherbe, and Voiture. Most of her literary tracts are a defence of the style of the sixteenth century; indeed, she carried her affection for it so far that, so we are told by a contemporary, "she would fly into a terrible passion when talking of the new clique of writers." However, the "new clique" had a certain respect for her, as is evident from the fact that the members of the Academy, which, under Richelieu's patronage, had recently sprung into existence from the weekly meetings held in Conrart's house (though Marolles says "it was in the establishment of this worthy lady, Mlle. de Gournay, that the idea of the Academy was first conceived"), used frequently to assemble in her rooms for their literary discussions. There is a very curious and interesting account in the "*Dialogues Satiriques et Moraux*" (1687) of Petit, of one of these meetings. It is too long to quote here, but those interested in the procedure of the Academy when it was but beginning to feel its way, may be referred to the book in question for the description of the animated discussion which took place between Mlle. de Gournay and

¹ An interesting fact, as it disposes of Tallemant's statement that the cat in question was a Tom! Its real name was Donzelle, not Piaillon, as Tallemant calls it, as we learn from some lines which Mlle. de Gournay addressed to this her best friend after the faithful Jamyn. It was indeed an exemplary creature, and, says the Abbé de Marolles, "never during the fourteen years it lived with her stayed out a single night in order to disport itself on the gutters and tiles like other cats."

certain Academicians, as to whether the word *raffinage* should be "allowed a passport and presented with a patent as being a word of polite society."

The attacks made and the practical jokes played upon her were more than compensated for by the friendship of most of the learned men of the day. She was on very good terms with Boissier, "the good abbé," as she always called him, in spite of the manner in which he made fun of her to amuse Richelieu. Ménage, one of the butts of Molière, used to correspond with her, as did many others. It is strange that Chapelain, who had a very good opinion of most of his contemporaries (and a still better of himself), does not seem, from certain allusions in his letters, to have been very fond of Mlle. de Gournay. For instance, writing to Godeau in 1632, he says: "M. Conrart and myself were lucky enough when we paid a visit eight days ago to Mlle. de Montaigne to find her not at home. I pray Heaven that we may always be equally fortunate when we call on her, and that, without having recourse to the insults which St. Amant employed¹ we may be as well quit of her as he is." However, a few months later, he writes a long letter to her in which, having thanked her (in ten lines) for sending him an autograph copy of some verses in praise of his "Pucelle," he goes on (in forty or fifty lines) to explain the beauties of that strange epic. Yet in spite of her praise of his unfortunate poem there is a very unkind allusion to her in a letter to Balzac, who had written to Chapelain complaining that some lady had "assassinated him with her writings." His words are: "A certain lady [Mlle. de Gournay] once wished to play the same trick on me, but I was more courageous than you and boldly got rid of her. She made a thousand efforts, but in vain; and, though I received a bushel full of letters from her, I continued to maintain a stolid silence. This is the only way to treat ladies of this sort." Balzac, too, though he

atoned for it later on by writing some Latin verses in her honor, alludes to her in a very unkind way in one of his letters. "I swear to you that I have been assured that Mlle. de Gournay was dead; besides, when last she wrote to me she informed me that it was for the last time, and that she did not expect to have leisure to await my answer in this world. I thought she was a woman who kept her word, and had already pictured her as an inhabitant of the Elysian Fields." But Balzac is quite at his worst when trying to be facetious.

It is to be feared that her old age was not very happy. After Richelieu's death, Louis XIII., who cared little for literature, suppressed her pension along with many others, and she must have found herself once more "assassinated by cruel Fortune," as she terms it. She died, aged eighty, July 13th, 1645, bequeathing her books to La Mothe de la Vayer, like herself, a champion of the writers of the preceding century, excepting one of her most treasured possessions, her Ronsard, which she left to Claude de l'Estoile, and a map which she left to Gombauld, a poet who was as needy and eccentric as she had been herself. Among her papers were found letters from Cardinals Bentivoglio, Richelieu, and Perron, St. Francis de Sales, Balzac, Godeau (a great friend of Madame de Rambouillet), Heinsius, Justus Lipsius, Anne de Schurman the Sappho of the Netherlands, and many others of the most learned men of France, Holland, Italy, and Germany. Some idea of the esteem in which she was held by them may be gathered from a remark of Heinsius — *ausa virgo concurrere vixit, scandit supra viros*, while Baudius, not to be outdone, dubbed her "the French Siren," and hailed her as the Tenth Muse.

Her works, save for her edition of Montaigne, for which every lover of the "Essays" should be eternally grateful to the "poor old woman," have little interest for us now. The first complete edition of her writings which she published in 1626, had the quaint

¹ An allusion, of course, to St. Amant's "Poète Crotté."

title of "L'Ombre de la Demoiselle de Gournay," with a vignette of a tree and a motto, *Factura nepotibus umbram*. But alas! there are few who would now care to sport in the shade of Mlle. de Gournay. The second and complete edition of her works, published a few years later, had an equally quaint title, "Les Avis, ou les Présents de la Demoiselle de Gournay." The "presents" consist of a series of disjointed essays, for, like her master, Montaigne, she wandered aimlessly from subject to subject, on such matters as "Egalité des hommes et des femmes" (for Mlle. de Gournay was an ardent supporter of woman's rights), "Grief des Dames," "Les grimaces mondaines," and "La Néantise de la commune vaillance de ce temps et le peu de prix de la qualité de la noblesse."

Her essays on literary matters are more interesting, such as her "Version des poètes antiques," in which there is an elaborate defence of metaphors, which the latter-day poets were endeavoring to do without. She has no mercy for them; they try, she says, to depreciate Ronsard, "just as if they wished that every one should go on foot, having no Pegasus themselves." A somewhat similar tract is her "Défense de la poésie et du langage des poètes" (1619), which had some considerable success, going through no less than five editions in her lifetime. It would not, she said, have appeared had the Academy been in existence when it was written, "since in future was expected from this honorable and learned assembly the correction of the errors she had wished to refute."

She also wrote several "pieces on several occasions," as they used to be called; for instance in 1600, on the occasion of the marriage of Henri IV. and Marie de Medicis, she published, with a "previousness" that would do credit to the newest of New Journalists, a tract entitled "De l'éducation des enfants en France," while the assassination of the king by Ravaillac brought from her another occasional piece expressing the national grief.

Of her poems not much can be said.

Besides the version previously mentioned, of the second book of the "Æneid," she brought out certain "Eschantillons de Virgile," while her "Bouquet de Pinde," dedicated to Montaigne's only child, the Viscountess de Gamaches, contains eclogues, odes, epigrams, and similar trifles on trifling subjects. Her most interesting piece of verse is her "Peinture de mœurs," in which she gives a detailed description of herself. Tallemant sums her up as a poet in a single sentence: "She knew how to write poetry and she wrote it, but it was poor poetry," while a good story is told of Racan's opinion of her epigrams. The poet had complained to the poetess that they were wanting in the one quality which is indispensable to epigrams, namely, point. Mlle. de Gournay indignantly replied that they were written *à la grecque*. Shortly afterwards they were dining together, and the lady happening to remark that the soup was savourless, "Oh, no," replied Racan, "it's a soup *à la grecque*." The expression, we are told by Ménage, became one of the fashionable catch-words of the day, and anything that had no particular point, was described as being *à la grecque*.

Whatever may be her faults and her weak points, and they are not far to seek, it must be admitted that she is one of the most interesting figures of an interesting period, as being the chief link between the language of the Pléiade, and that of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. The adopted daughter of Montaigne, she probably saw Corneille's "Cid," and was, we know, on intimate terms with the founder of the new school, Balzac. Though, strangely enough, there is no mention of any such visit, she probably was received by Madame de Rambouillet in her famous "blue chamber," where, as the champion of Ronsard, she may well have felt strangely out of her element. Her thoughts were wrapt up with the past; the Vandal, from her point of view, Malherbe, she despised, although she presented him with her "Ombre," while among the writers of

the new school, it is strange to find her admiring Chapelain, but then all Paris was in love with his "Pucelle" — until it was published.

There is always something pathetic about the supporters of an absolutely hopeless cause. Let us forget Mlle. de Gournay's eccentricities, her quaint appearance, and her fits of anger against the "writers of the new clique," and think of her, not as the butt of Parisian society, but rather as the intimate friend, the adopted daughter, of the great Montaigne, and as a Donna Quixote, defending, in spite of the mockery of the vulgar, a cause that was hopelessly defeated.

F. J. HUDLESTON.

From Temple Bar.

NOTES ON J. G. LOCKHART.

THE following paper aims neither at being a biographical nor a critical study, the place of the latter being already supplied by an admirable essay of Mr. Saintsbury's, and that of the former by an article in volume cxvi. of the *Quarterly*. Much information about Lockhart has appeared since that article, and especially by the publication of "The Life of John Murray," and of "Sir Walter Scott's Familiar Letters," various minute points in his history have been disclosed to us, and many curious and altogether pleasant side-lights thrown upon his character, by bringing together which a more detailed account of him might be given. But this would serve little purpose, for those sufficiently interested in Lockhart will have already noticed and valued this fresh information, while to "the general" it would still be caviare, however skillfully served up. An attempt is here made rather to record the impression Lockhart produced on his contemporaries, friends and enemies, quoting their own judgments of him, and to set right or re-discuss some of the misrepresentations which have fallen rather heavily against him.

To begin with a pleasant habit of the modest literary young men of the day,

rebuking their elders and betters, from whom they have probably borrowed all the good they possess, I object, like "Bozzy," to an author prefixing a quotation with "I think I have read," and the like, when the reference may be easily verified. Thus in Mr. Saintsbury's essay the few words devoted to Miss Martineau are inaccurate, and the matter is interesting enough in a minor way to have a little said about it.

Lockhart had reviewed Miss Martineau's "Tales on Political Economy" in what is now a very amusing article, though it appears at the time to have been thought "shocking" among a large section of readers. The chief offence seems to have been a remark that no modest woman could read without a blush some of Harriet's reasonings on the population question, which she herself confesses were written with the perspiration streaming down her face.

In her "Autobiography" (a book that has had a considerable circulation, and that must have given many readers some very inaccurate notions of her contemporaries), Harriet Martineau devotes about ten pages to a very muddled account (as even her editress, while adding some impertinence of her own, admits) of the supposed concoction of Lockhart's article, full of the merest tittle-tattle, which is carefully discredited on other occasions, and ludicrous in its abuse of her "ungentlemanly" and "indecent" assailant. Moreover, she states that, alarmed at the outcry about the embryo article, Lockhart went down at night to the printer's and cut out (not inserted, as Mr. Saintsbury says) the worst parts, though she wonders, in an extremely "shocked" tone, how anything could possibly be worse than what was left.

Interested to know what sort of a being Miss Martineau imagined her critic to be, the reader turns to her obituary notice of Lockhart in the "Biographical Sketches" collected in book form shortly before her death, and reprinted several times since; and if he happen to know something previously of her subject, his amazement

must inevitably give way to fits of laughter at the incredible figure conjured up by the wounded Harriet's imagination. It is nothing that most of the facts are wrong. The audacious inferences drawn from mistaken premises almost reach the sublime. Not content with denying that Lockhart had fulfilled "the promise of moral beauty" indicated in his early works, or with stating that his "handsome" face, which she only saw once, had "always a lowering or sardonic expression," she ventures to give us an appalling picture of the way in which he kept those nearest and dearest to him in constant hot water.

By the way, almost the only anecdote we have about the household in Sussex Place is to the following satisfactory effect. Sir Charles Lyell was informed by his "favorite," Mrs. Lockhart, that "Lockhart is never so entertaining as when he looks in at the Athenæum, that is about five times a week, *but I do not let him stay there long.*" The sketch given by Miss Martineau is, in short, pretty near to what we learn that Lord Durham, from all he had heard, thought Lockhart to be — "one of the greatest blackguards in England." It is with a quiet smile that one comes across an entry in Barham's diary, where it is recorded that at a dinner at the Garrick, "Hook gave in an elaborate speech 'The Blackguards of the Press' as a toast, for which Lockhart returned thanks with equal humor."

Severe critics of Lockhart have constantly cast up against him two things (neither of them at all true), which have seemed to them to dispose of much pretence of his to moral worth: first, that he had no friends; secondly, that he was utterly reckless to whom his criticisms might give pain, imagining others to be as callous as he was himself. Their method of reasoning is plain and easy. Lockhart was deprived of the benefit of their valuable friendship; therefore, he not only had no friends, but was not possessed of the qualities necessary for friendship. Moreover, he did not care for their no

doubt valuable books, and he said so pretty plainly; therefore he was a remorseless assailant of all good work that happened to run foul of any of his gross prejudices, literary and political.

One legitimate way of dealing with such assertions is to re-inforce the words of the writer of a very able obituary notice of Lockhart in *Bentley's*: "That he wrote with malignity himself or incited his coadjutors to do the same . . . let those affirm who have a grudge to cherish; let those assert who have an affront to brood over; let those allege who have personal motive to prompt the allegation." Incidental illustration of this is supplied by his letters to Croker deprecating an attack on "Alison's History," and pointing out the brilliant literary merit of Macaulay's work, however unreliable it might be as a work of reference. As it is, there is plenty of reliable testimony from others to produce. It is of a man singularly friendless and singularly callous that Sir Henry Holland could write, "I lived with Lockhart in London on terms of intimate friendship, and painfully witnessed in later years the premature decay incident to a disappointed and often harassed life. *He was too sensitive to be the editor of a great review dealing with the equally sensitive elements of the political and literary world. He felt the slavery more than the power of this position.*" Lockhart expresses this feeling in the couplet: —

Over-worked, over-hurried,
Over-Crokered, over-Murray'd,

his "monody over himself," as Clough calls it, in whose "Memorials" there is a charming account of a visit to Lockhart at his brother's seat in Lanarkshire.

It is never well for a writer to question whether some one whom he is criticising had a heart or not, for defenders of that other retort that nobody with a heart himself could have thought so; for instance, a remark in the "Life of Scott" that Constable "had, perhaps, a heart," does not fail to call down the scorn of Cousin's

son. The particular form of apparent heartlessness Lockhart is frequently accused of, was his demeanor in general society. In the circle of his intimate friends he was, says Sir Archibald Alison (and we know it well enough from other sources), "joyous and expansive;" but his own son-in-law mentions the "almost fierce reserve" under which he so often hid in daily life the genuine "depth and tenderness" of his feeling; and the Hon. Charles Sumner, with singular inability to appreciate a character against which he had conceived a prejudice, speaks thus of him after a description of the brilliant conversational powers of Jeffrey: "What a different man is Lockhart! He is without words, conversation, heart, or a disposition to please, throwing nothing into the stock of social intercourse, and keeping himself aloof from all the hearty currents of life." No better description of this feature of Lockhart's character can be given than that in a letter from Scott to Mrs. Hughes, for Scott analyzed and appreciated his character as thoroughly as Lockhart did that of his father-in-law: "He is not easy to be known or to be appreciated, as he so well deserves, at first; he shrinks at a first touch, but take a good hard hammer (it need not be a sledge one), break the shell, and the kernel will repay you. Under a cold exterior Lockhart conceals the warmest affections, and where he once professes regard he never changes, at least he will not change with you, and I will burn my books if you are not good friends very shortly." The books remained unburnt, and Mrs. Hughes became one of Lockhart's best friends, an honor which he shared with Barham, who, like him, received tokens of the good lady's bounty in the shape of pig's face and similar delicacies, and who equalled him in his letters of witty thanks therefor.

The genial and eccentric Murchison, who knew him well, records in the same strain as Scott as follows: "When Lockhart came to London every one was afraid of the author of 'Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,' the

more so as the Whigs were rabid against him, but with intimacy his reserve wore off, and I declare that amongst my friends I never knew one more lively, amusing and confiding in dual converse, nor one whose loss I more sincerely mourned. If he was a good hater, he was assuredly a warm friend." The memoirs of three Americans — Ticknor, Prescott, and Sumner — give much interesting gossip about the English literary world in the first half of the century. Sumner's opinion of Lockhart we have seen already, and he seems to have been gullible enough to swallow all the lying stories to his discredit, even the astounding one of Rogers that Scott had written to him expressing the greatest detestation for Lockhart as his future son-in-law!¹

Mr. Smiles, in his "Life of Murray," quotes Ticknor's account of his meetings with Lockhart, when he tried what Sir Walter calls the sledge-hammer method, and evidently found the kernel sound, if not altogether to his taste. He goes so far, in his "Life of Prescott," as to call Lockhart a cynic, but this is not the opinion of Prescott himself, whose remarks show more sympathy and consequently more insight, for it was well said of Lockhart that the best proof of his worth was that those who knew him best loved him best.

In 1850 Prescott writes: "Lockhart

¹ Of course Scott was averse to his son-in-law devoting his talents wholly to the service of ridicule. The letter to Mrs. Hughes goes on to say: "I have not the least fear of his getting on well, as he has passed the age when his superior talents for satire might have led him a little too far;" and elsewhere: "His satirical propensities make him enemies which his good-nature does not deserve." Scott had stipulated that, in his new dignity as family-man, Lockhart should drop all serious political controversy; he had kept him out of the wretched "Beacon" affair, and hence the humorous note

"Irrecoverable sinner,

Work what Whigs you please till dinner, etc.,

sent round after detecting him (as the "Life" informs us) "writing some nonsense" for the "Notes." A long and remarkable letter to Murray on Lockhart's removal to London, and the entries in the journal of the same date (not given in the "Life") contain Scott's summing-up of the whole matter.

is a fascinating sort of person whom I should fear to have meddle with me either in the way of praise or blame. I suspect he laughs in his sleeve at more than one of the articles which come out with his imprimatur. I had two or three merry meetings in which he, Ford, and Stirling were met in decent conviviality." In 1855 he says: "I liked Lockhart, what little I saw of him, and a vein of melancholy tinged with the sarcastic gave an interesting piquancy to his conversation. I don't know that it made his criticism more agreeable to those who were the subjects of it."

It must be a stumbling-block to some that Lockhart could write as he does to Murray of Croker, Murchison, and other friends, apparently laughing at them in his sleeve, as Prescott says. If any one thinks so, let him read in the *Quarterly* the review of Sir Egerton Brydges's "Autobiography," a book in which Lockhart is named as having contributed largely, by his valuable friendship, to the author's intellectual happiness, and is classed with Wordsworth and Southey as "a few of the best in genius, intellect, learning, and worth," who were, "indeed, a host to him."

The article is much the same in substance with a review in *Blackwood* ten years previously, evidently by Lockhart, on Sir Egerton's earlier account of himself, and friendship has only added point to the remonstrances against the absurd jealousies and morbidities of a man who had so much good work to look back upon, and who saw things clearly enough and might be as happy as he chose, if he laid aside the distorting spectacles through which he too often viewed the world. Such a criticism was the best kindness one could do such a man, and friendship never blinded Lockhart's eyes to the faults of others, when to tolerate them would have been the greater injury. The fear which Prescott expresses of Lockhart's caprice in criticism, and which Moore in his reflections on the ways of editors embodies in the couplet:—

So kind with bumper in your fist,
With pen so *very* gruff and tartarly,

I believe to have been unfounded. Large parts of his work, if collected, would be found to consist of hearty eulogy of books now accepted as classics, while if, as in the case of the Tennyson review, really good work had been slighted, he made the *amende* as far as he thought necessary in his criticism of the 1842 volumes, where the picture of the gardener's daughter:—

The idol of my youth,
The darling of my manhood; and alas!
Now the most blessed memory of mine age,
had evidently gone straight to his heart.

Lockhart is not often thought of in personal relationship with Carlyle, and when he is, the reference is not usually to Carlyle's final opinion of him, as given in a note to Mrs. Carlyle's "Memorials." The praise may seem small, but not if we remember the kind of thing meted out to most of those with whom Carlyle came in contact. "Lockhart was," he says, "a hard, proud, but thoroughly honest, singularly intelligent, and also affectionate man, whom in the distance I esteemed more than perhaps he ever knew. Seldom did I speak to him, but hardly ever without learning and gaining something." They had nearly been brought into very close partnership in 1825, when negotiations for establishing a paper with Lockhart, Carlyle, and Sir David Brewster as co-editors, had gone to some length, but finally fell through, and it is curious to note how they gravitated towards each other afterwards to a position of mutual confidence described in fit words by Mr. Froude.

Enough may seem to have been written about the connection of the "Heroes of the Noctes," and I can only beg leave to recall some facts that have dropped out of sight, but deserve to have some little attention paid them. The "Life of Wilson" was reviewed in volume cxiii. of the *Quarterly* by G. R. Gleig, who also wrote the article on Lockhart later, and some correc-

tions which he was able to make would doubtless have been adopted in later editions of the "Life," if doing so had not seemed to imply that Mrs. Gordon confessed her critic's charge of having conceived all her remarks on Lockhart "in the same spirit of detraction," which was not the case, the fault at most being the slightly patronizing, or rather matronizing, tone adopted. Thus, why is the absurd story retained of Lockhart's mortification at finding Wilson's ludicrous stanzas on himself, after his own on Wilson, inserted between proof and press in one of the cantos of the extravaganza, "The Mad Banker of Amsterdam," when Gleig, who was present, says that the two stanzas were written at the same time, in the same room, amid shouts of laughter from both parties?

Again, Mrs. Gordon should have seen that the large gaps in the correspondence of the two friends did not argue any loss of interest of one in the other. The wonder is that any correspondence at all of such a careless being as Wilson should have survived. He wrote irregularly himself, and he lost the letters of others, and it does not seem as if his daughter had taken the trouble to request of Lockhart's relatives such letters of her father's as he might have preserved.

The following extract from the review is too interesting to be lost sight of: "Has Mrs. Gordon never even read her father's letters to Lockhart soon after her mother's death? Has she never come across Lockhart's letters to her father when both were mourners? Or has she forgotten to inquire whether Lockhart visited his friend at the season of his deepest anguish, and with what effect?" The writer goes on to supply the omission from his private notes. "I found him utterly prostrated," said Lockhart, describing his visit to Wilson, "unable, or, as he said, determined never to take any interest in the affairs of life again." "Well, what passed?" "Not much worth repeating. I reasoned with him, and tried to show him that neither he nor I had any right to succumb to evils

that were not of our own seeking, that we had both work to do and must do it, that it was neither manly nor Christian to mourn as he was mourning." "Had your remonstrances any effect?" "Yes, I think they had. He pressed my hand, looked up for a moment into my face, and said: 'It is all true; I know it, but I have no strength.' However, his strength came back faster than we both expected, and now he is pretty much what he ever was." Gleig died only a few years ago, and if his papers have more scraps of conversation like this, surely some selection of them should yet see the light.

We see from a letter of Lockhart's to Scott about the "Hypocrisy Unveiled" pamphlet, how he, though Wilson's junior, had been something of an elder brother to him, and there is enough in the "Life of Wilson" to call for the reviewer's censure: "If Mrs. Gordon be unaware of the tender regard which to the last days of his life John Gibson Lockhart entertained for her father, she is, we should imagine, the only person known both to Wilson and to Lockhart from whom that fact is hid." Christie (of John Scott fame) in a memorandum contributed to the late Professor Veitch's "Life of Hamilton," says that he does not believe Lockhart ever lost a friend except Hamilton, and a letter therein quoted shows how even to him, when ill and in distress, Lockhart's heart still beat warmly. This makes it more strange that Professor Veitch should have lent his authority to the outcry of Hogg's daughter about the "attack" on the worthy Shepherd in the "Life of Scott." This delusion has been summarily disposed of by Mr. Saintsbury in his essay on Hogg; and again I can only offer some subsidiary remarks, more curious perhaps than important. There is every proof that, until Hogg published his "Domestic Manners," Lockhart, although a warm friend, had always treated him as the subject of good-humored banter. Carlyle notes that he was "fond of quizzing, yet not very maliciously," and Hogg himself

confessed that it was impossible to be angry with him.

A capital example of this style of audacious persiflage is the review of Hogg's autobiography in an early volume of *Blackwood*. When the "Domestic Manners" appeared, it was reviewed in *Fraser's*, pretty certainly by Lockhart (there is some discussion of this in the coxcomb Willis's account of his interview with Christopher North, wherein Christopher's analysis of Lockhart's character would be more interesting, if it had not been Mr. Willis's own invention). The reviewer quoted the entire sketch, accompanying it with a commentary, which, to put it mildly, exalted Hogg's imagination considerably at the expense of his memory, but in which the running fire of jokes and puns should have prevented him from taking the punishment more seriously than was intended, though that was quite serious enough. This attitude of mind Lockhart preserved in his references to Hogg in the "Life of Scott," and even the last stern words with which he is dismissed are more in sorrow than in anger, simply amounting to the sincere wish that, for his own sake, Hogg had never put pen to paper upon the subject at all.

One or two things in the review of the "Domestic Manners" are worth noting. To Hogg's extraordinary assertion that "whatever Lockhart may pretend, I knew Sir Walter a thousand times better than he did," there is simply added the syllable [poh !]. With reference to Scott's refusal to contribute to Hogg's "Poetic Mirror," it is stated that he did so, knowing well enough that Hogg meant to forge contributions for those who might decline to send anything; moreover, that, when the scheme was changed, all the best pieces were the work of Professor Wilson. Great doubt is also thrown on Hogg's boast of having received letters from Byron and other celebrities, and on his complaint of having had them stolen from him, a doubt which is repeated more than once in the "Life of Scott," and which, I should suppose, must have specially exasperated Hogg's

defenders, as being incapable of settlement one way or the other.

It is a bad thing for a man when his face is against him, and some would have us condemn Lockhart for what they would call his sarcastic, sneering expression. Such criticism may be set against a remark of Sir Walter's that Lockhart had the opposite of what Sir Henry Wotton recommended Milton to keep in Italy: "*pensieri stretti ed il viso sciolto*" (thoughts close, countenance open)."

There are three portraits of Lockhart at different periods of his life, which, from their resemblance to each other, must be considered as good copies of the original. There is first that by R. Scott Lander, prefixed to the most recent edition of the "Noctes," showing him in what Mr. Sidney Colvin calls, and many would endorse, "the heyday of his brilliant and bitter youth," but to others presenting a likeness in which sweetness and strength are singularly combined. The twinkle in the eye has not become the fire, nor has the slight smile playing about the mouth quite the setness, of the Pickersgill portrait, the second and best known of the three above mentioned. The other, by Grant (reproduced in the Scott Centenary Catalogue, where the date given is surely ten or more years too early), is that of a man from whom "youthful hope has fled" for some time. The hair has fallen away from the temples, revealing a very gracefully formed forehead, and the expression is one of melancholy attentiveness, a frame of mind which finds charming expression in passages of his letters to Wilson about this time.

In none of these portraits is there what Miss Martineau calls "a lowering or sardonic expression" (poor Harriet Martineau had been caricatured by Maclise in the Fraser Gallery, which was got up, she says, to flatter the Tory leaders), nor anything to justify what some one informed Lord Lytton (as he says in his father's "Life"): that "the lurking sneer might be detected in Lockhart's singularly hand-

some, refined, and intellectual countenance." Perhaps these remarks apply to a portrait by Allen, which, for some reason or other, was engraved for the one-volume "Life of Scott," but which, from its difference from the others, one would call a bad likeness. We can see the points wherein it tries to resemble them and fails, which is sufficient evidence to justify its rejection.

A goodly list of queries concerning the uncollected writings of Lockhart could be drawn up. Where are those brilliant songs for the Midlothian Yeomanry written by him and by Patrick Fraser Tytler, in which, says Sir Archibald Alison's autobiography, no slight indication of their author's genius will be found when their lives come to be written, and of which a capital specimen is given in Dean Burgon's "Life of Tytler"? What is Lockhart's share in the volume containing essays of his and of Sir Archibald's "other candid critics in the *Quarterly*," over whose solitary volume he rather crows, having one or more devoted to himself? What are the contents of the "Janus" book, mostly written by Wilson and Lockhart, and what is the nature of the latter's contributions to Allan Cunningham's "Anniversary"? What was the "Sketches of the Late War" assigned to him in the "Dictionary of National Biography," and on what authority is it there stated that his contributions to *Blackwood* began with the seventh number and included the review of Coleridge, when Gleig puts down as his the articles on Greek Drama in the previous numbers, and when the author of "Peter's Letters" was at a loss to discover for the "pitiable" Coleridge review "not an apology, but a motive"? The house of Blackwood should have its history told as well as the brother houses of Constable and Murray, wherein all unnecessary mystery about authorship of articles and the like should be cleared up, if possible.

In "Constable and his Literary Correspondents" we find Lockhart, about 1814, proposing to write a novel,

to be published by his "Czarish Majesty." Did the success of the man whose handwriting on the wall he saw about this time, and has described so picturesquely, lead to his giving up the idea, and accepting Blackwood's generous offer? In the same book some account is given of the preparation of a "Scott" Shakespeare, in which Sir Walter was to be assisted by Lockhart (one of whose letters says that, whether Gifford's proposed edition come out or not, "it will scarcely match our prolegomena"), but the commercial crisis put an end to it, and the three volumes that were ready were disposed of as waste paper!

By the way, in 1854, Croker was urged by Murray to undertake a Shakespeare, "perhaps in conjunction with Mr. Lockhart," but death rendered this project also fruitless.

Thomas Constable, in his eagerness to show how Lockhart, by leaving out passages in the "Journal," had represented the cordiality of the relationship between Scott and his father to be less than it was, makes an absurd mistake. Following the words "Bade Constable and Cadell farewell, and had a brisk walk home," he says the words "with them" are to be found in the "Journal," whereas they are not in the complete edition of the "Journal," and even if omitted purposely from it, were rightly omitted, for they are unmeaning.

These remarks might be continued indefinitely, in a style of "bald disjointed chat," that may seem more the product of a full note-book than of a full head, but they are only intended to give force to the petition in the following paragraph.

In a letter to Constable, Scott recommends him to obtain an interest in Lockhart's works, "for," he says, "he will blaze some day; of that, if God spare him, there can be little doubt." Lockhart's name did come to shine with a light, not so wide-spreading and all-beneficent as Scott's, yet reaching over a wide area, and better sustained to its close, and it ought not to be said that he, who so nobly chronicled the

career of the other, remained without a chronicler himself. We shall be well pleased if Mr. Douglas gives us more of Scott's letters with Lockhart's as a kind of commentary, but that removes us almost further from our object. Is it too much to ask that Mr. Lang should complete his labors on Scott by re-editing his "Life," and supplement them by giving us a memoir of the biographer? Surely these desultory notes have shown that such a work is not uncalled-for.

From The United Service Magazine.
NAPOLEON ON BOARD H.M.S.
BELLEROPHON.

THE BLOCKADE OF ROCHEFORT, AND SURRENDER OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

From "*Captain Maitland's Narrative*,"
published in 1826.

ON the 24th of May, 1815, H.M.S. Bellerophon, Captain Frederick Lewis Maitland, sailed from Cawsand Bay under the orders of Rear-Admiral Sir Henry Hotham, whose flag was flying in the Superb. The object of the squadron under Sir Henry was to detain and send into port all armed vessels belonging to France, and to assist and support the Royalists in La Vendée.

It must be understood that although the escape of Napoleon from Elba, his arrival and enthusiastic reception in Paris were known to the government, the formal declaration of war by Great Britain was not received by Hotham's squadron until the 27th June, nine days after the battle of Waterloo, and when Napoleon was on the point of setting out for Rochefort with the idea of escaping to America.

Intelligence of the battle of Waterloo reached Maitland on the 28th June, and on the 30th a boat from Bordeaux brought a letter without date or signature written in English, and concealed in a quill. This letter, which Maitland forwarded unopened to the admiral, then off Quiberon, stated that the writer had good reason for believing that Napoleon passed through Roche-

fort on the preceding night with a view to flight by the mouth of the Charente, or from Bordeaux by the Garonne or La Teste (le Bassin d'Arcachon) and advising that a sharp lookout be kept, particularly on American vessels. Though the writer of this note pointed more especially to La Teste, Captain Maitland was of opinion that the attempt would be made from Rochefort, and therefore stationed the two smaller ships off the passages of the Garonne, while he in the Bellerophon remained off the Charente, and from that time was never by day or night more than three miles from the land.

Two French frigates and a brig were lying close under the Isle d'Aix off the mouth of the Charente, and on the 1st July the Bellerophon spoke a vessel from Rochefort, which reported that these vessels had just taken in their powder and completed all preparations for sea, also that several gentlemen in plain clothes and some ladies, all supposed to form part of Napoleon's suite, had arrived at Isle d'Aix. Captain Maitland at once anchored the Bellerophon as close to the French squadron as the batteries would permit, kept guard-boats rowing all night, and determined on a line of action should the French squadron attempt to escape.

His plan was to silence and disable the frigate he should first encounter, throw on board her a hundred men he had specially trained for the purpose, and then go in chase of the other.

On the 7th and 8th of July, further information was received confirming the former reports that Napoleon was on the way from Paris to Rochefort, there to embark for America, and instructions from the government were forwarded to the admiral directing that no effort be spared "to intercept the fugitive on whose captivity the peace of Europe appears to depend." "If he be taken," adds the admiral, "he is to be brought to me in this bay (Quiberon), as I have orders for his disposal; he is to be removed from the ship in which he may be found to one of his Majesty's ships." Later on, "If you should be so fortunate

as to intercept him, you are to transfer him and his family to the ship you command, and there keeping him in careful custody, return to the nearest port in England with all possible expedition," etc.

At daylight on the 10th July a small schooner was seen standing out from the French squadron, and the *Bellerophon* prepared to chase. As she approached, the schooner hoisted a flag of truce, and soon afterwards General Savary, Duc de Rovigo, and Count Las Cases were put on board the *Bellerophon*. They brought a letter from Count Bertrand, which stated that the emperor having abdicated the throne of France, and chosen the United States as a retreat, was then actually on board one of the frigates in the harbor for the purpose of proceeding to his destination, and stating that he was expecting a passport from the British government which he said had been promised. He asked if Captain Maitland had any knowledge of the said passport, and if the British government intended to throw any impediment in the way of the proposed voyage, and further, the bearers of the letter asked verbally if the emperor would be prevented from proceeding in a neutral vessel if the frigates were forbidden to pass. To this amazing announcement Captain Maitland wrote in reply, "I cannot say what the intentions of my government may be; but, the two countries being at present in a state of war, it is impossible for me to permit any ship of war to put to sea from the port of Rochefort." As to allowing the emperor to proceed in a merchant vessel, the captain answered, also in writing, "It is out of my power—without the sanction of my commanding officer, Sir Henry Hotham, who is at present in Quiberon Bay, and to whom I have forwarded your despatch—to allow any vessel, under whatever flag she may be, to pass with a personage of such consequence." To "Le Grand Marechal, Comte Bertrand."

Captain Maitland had now, and until

Napoleon finally quitted the *Bellerophon*, a most difficult part to play. It was necessary for him to weigh every word before utterance, and as far as possible to consider even the interpretation which might be put on his words, especially as to any action taken by Napoleon in consequence of representations made, or supposed to have been made, by Maitland. As it was, Las Cases actually stated to Lord Keith, after reaching England, that Captain Maitland had assured the French officers that he was authorized to receive the general and his suite on board the *Bellerophon*, for conveyance to England, and at the same time assured them that they would be well received there.

The captain, however, had taken the precaution of having witnesses present, and was able to disprove any accusation of exceeding his instructions or of committing himself by any sort of injudicious expressions; this was the more difficult, as he says of himself he had considerable difficulty in expressing himself in French, and could not but fear lest any mistake he might unconsciously make should be understood as implying some promise or condition on the part of the British government in the event of Napoleon deciding to surrender himself. Almost immediately on receiving the emperor, Maitland asked to be allowed to address him in English, but Napoleon himself replied in French, "The thing is impossible; I hardly understand a word of your language." The Duc de Rovigo and Las Cases remained on board some hours talking a good deal, endeavoring to impress upon Captain Maitland the idea that Napoleon's situation was by no means so desperate as might be supposed, from which, says the captain, "I took the liberty of drawing a conclusion directly opposite to that which they were desirous of impressing on my mind;" however, he made but few remarks, being engaged on his own despatches.

Again and again in the course of the next few days did Maitland receive

notices purporting to give information as to Napoleon's whereabouts and his probable course of action.

Sometimes these messages were sent apparently in good faith, sometimes with the hope of confusing or misleading; but so judiciously had he stationed his ships and so keen was his lookout that ere long Napoleon and his friends seem to have recognized the impossibility of escape, and on the 14th July Las Cases and General Count Lallemand came on board under a flag of truce. After some conversation the former said, "The emperor is so anxious to spare the further effusion of blood that he will proceed to America in any way the British government chooses to sanction, either in a French ship of war, a vessel armed *en flute*, a merchant vessel, or even in a British ship of war." Captain Maitland answered, "I have no authority to agree to any arrangement of that sort, nor do I believe that my government would consent to it, but I think I may venture to receive him into this ship and convey him to England; but," he added, "I cannot enter into any promise as to the reception he may meet with," and more to the same effect; and asked where Buonaparte then was, to which Las Cases answered, "At Rochefort." This, though confirmed by General Lallemand, was untrue, as it afterwards proved, for Napoleon never left the frigates or Isle d'Aix after his arrival there on the 3rd. Shortly before leaving the ship Las Cases said: "Under all circumstances, I have little doubt that you will see the emperor on board the *Bellerophon*."

The same evening another flag of truce came off, bringing Las Cases again, who now confessed that Napoleon was at Isle d'Aix, and General Gourgaud, one of Buonaparte's aides-de-camp, the former bearing a letter from Count Bertrand addressed to Captain Maitland, and the latter one from the emperor himself addressed to H.R.H. the prince regent.

Count Bertrand's letter began thus: "Count Las Cases has reported to the

emperor the conversation which he had with you this morning. His Majesty will proceed on board your ship with the ebb-tide to-morrow morning between four and five o'clock."

Whether Napoleon really believed in the possibility of a passport from the admiral or the British government is difficult to say; but Count Bertrand, having announced the intention of the emperor to embark on board the *Bellerophon*, continues: "If the admiral, in consequence of the despatch you forwarded to him, should send the passport for the United States therein demanded, his Majesty will be happy to repair to America, but should the passport be withheld, he will willingly proceed to England as a private individual, there to enjoy the protection of the laws of your country." In all probability the idea of the passport was a mere invention of Bertrand's, a forlorn hope of misleading the admiral and accomplishing by ruse what he well knew could not otherwise be done. A list of persons proposing to embark with Napoleon was enclosed, five general officers or personages of rank, viz., Generals Comte Bertrand, Duc de Rovigo, Baron Lallemand, Comte de Montholon, and Comte de Las Cases; two ladies, Mesdames les Comtesses Bertrand and de Montholon, three children of the former and one of the latter named lady, three officers in attendance with male and female servants, making a total of thirty-three persons.

There was also a supplementary list of seventeen others to be embarked on board one of the smaller vessels, and Captain Maitland undertook to receive two carriages and five or six horses; but eventually the admiral gave a permit to a vessel to transport the whole of Napoleon's equipages, consisting of six carriages and forty-five horses, but this was not acted upon.

The letter addressed by the emperor to H.R.H. the prince regent and entrusted to General Gourgaud was in the following terms, a copy being handed to Captain Maitland:—

Your Royal Highness, — A victim to the factions which distract my country, and to the enmity of the greatest powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and I come, like Themistocles, to throw myself upon the hospitality of the British people. I put myself under the protection of their laws; which I claim from your Royal Highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.

NAPOLEON.

ROCHEFORT, 13 July, 1815.

Captain Maitland now undertook to forward General Gourgaud immediately to England, telling him at the same time that he would not be allowed to land without permission from London or from the port admiral wherever he might arrive, but assured him that the letter would be forwarded without delay and presented by the ministers to his Royal Highness. It may be stated here that on his arrival in England General Gourgaud refused to deliver his letter into any other hands than those of the prince regent himself, consequently it did not reach his Royal Highness until the arrival of the Bellerophon, when the original was handed to Lord Keith, commander-in-chief at Plymouth, by Captain Maitland, when Napoleon consented to it being forwarded by an officer despatched to London by his Lordship.

The *Slaney*, one of the two smaller ships under Maitland's orders, was at once despatched to England with Gourgaud, and her captain was charged with a letter to the Admiralty announcing the intention of Napoleon to surrender on board the Bellerophon on the following morning, but Maitland's troubles and perplexities were not yet at an end. At ten o'clock that night a boat asked permission to come alongside, which being granted, a man came on board and said: "I am sent off from Rochelle to inform you that Buonaparte this morning passed that town in a *chasse-marée* with another in company. He is now in the Breton passage and means to set sail to-night." On being questioned the man stated: "The vessels passed close to a boat that I was in, and I saw a man wrapped up in a

sailor's great coat whom one of my people asserted to be him," and further, that the owner of the vessels was prevented from going on board, being told that they were wanted for two or three days, and that they should be restored with ample payment. Here was a predicament! Las Cases was still on board the Bellerophon, and the captain determined to tell the story abruptly to him, and from the effect produced judge of the value of the information. The Frenchman listened coolly to the story; asked at what hour the emperor was said to have passed Rochelle. Being told, he said: "Then I can safely assert, on my honor, that he was not in either of those vessels." Maitland decided on treating the information as based on some mistake, and told Las Cases that he accepted his word of honor and would take no steps in consequence of the message. At three in the morning another boat was reported, and brought precisely the same intelligence as the last, but from a different quarter. This must have occasioned a cruel anxiety, but the captain determined to abide by the assurance of Las Cases. After all both messages proved to be truthful — to a certain extent. The *chasse-marées* had been prepared and manned from the frigates, and had passed Rochelle at the hour named. They were intended as a last resource if the mission of Las Cases had failed, and were to have awaited the emperor at a point in the Breton passage.

At the last moment, when Las Cases was writing to Count Bertrand the acquiescence of Captain Maitland in the proposal that he receive and convey to England Buonaparte and his suite, Maitland once more repeated that he was not authorized to stipulate as to their reception in England, but that Buonaparte "must consider himself entirely at the disposal of his Royal Highness the prince regent." Las Cases answered: "I am perfectly aware of that, and have already acquainted the emperor with what you said on the subject."

At break of day, 15th of July, 1815,

L'Epervier, French brig of war, was observed under sail standing out towards the Bellerophon with a flag of truce up. Once more it appeared as if the reward of so much anxiety was to slip past Captain Maitland.

At half past five the ebb-tide failed, the wind was blowing right in, and the brig, now within a mile, made no farther progress, while the flagship Superb was seen in the offing advancing with wind and tide. Of course, were she on the spot in time, Napoleon must have surrendered not to the captain but to the admiral. So, says Maitland, "Being most anxious to terminate the affair I had brought so near to a conclusion, previous to the admiral's arrival, I sent off the Bellerophon's barge in charge of her first lieutenant, who returned soon after six o'clock, bringing Napoleon with him."

When the Bellerophon's barge came alongside, the first to come on board was General Bertrand, who said to the captain, "The emperor is in the boat." Napoleon then ascended, and on reaching the quarter-deck, took off his hat, and, addressing Captain Maitland, said in a firm tone of voice, "I am come to throw myself on the protection of your prince and laws." On being shown into the cabin, he looked round and said, "Une belle chambre." "Such as it is, sir," the captain answered, "it is at your service while you remain on board the ship I command;" and he emphatically contradicts the story, circulated by some of the journals of the day, that Napoleon took possession in a brutal way, saying, "Tout ou rien pour moi." On the contrary, Maitland asserts "that from the time of coming on board to the period of his quitting the ship, his conduct was invariably that of a gentleman, nor in one instance did he ever make use of a rude expression, or was guilty of any kind of ill-breeding."

Noticing a portrait hanging up in the cabin, Napoleon asked, "Qui est cette jeune personne?" "My wife," said the captain. "Ah! elle est très jeune et très jolie."¹ He then asked had he

any children, what service he had seen, and many other personal questions with the object apparently of making a favorable impression by pleasing and flattering his host. He requested that the officers might be introduced to him, and questioned each as to his rank, length of service, and if he had taken part in any action, and then expressed a wish to be shown round the ship. The captain begged him to wait for a little while, as the ship's company were then scrubbing and cleaning in all directions; however, in another quarter of an hour he repeated his request, and was accordingly taken over all her decks. He noticed and inquired about everything which appeared to him different from what he had seen in French ships, especially he was struck with the cleanness and neatness of the men, remarking that he thought our seamen were surely a different class of people from the French, and that he thought that it was owing to this that the English were always victorious at sea. Captain Maitland differed, saying that, without any wish to take from the merit of the men, he thought more was owing to the superior experience of the officers—British ships being so constantly at sea the officers have nothing to divert their attention from them and their men.

Napoleon spoke of several naval actions, and said, "Your laws are either more severe or better administered than ours;" and mentioned instances when, he said, he had been unable to punish officers as they had deserved. This gave an opportunity to Captain Maitland to refer to the case of the French captain of the *Calcutta*, who was shot by sentence of a court-martial for misbehavior in the action of Basque Roads, unjustly, in the opinion of most of the British officers engaged. "He could do no more to save his ship," said Maitland, who had been present on the occasion, "and she was defended better and longer than any one there." Napoleon answered, "You are at Plymouth, he turned to Captain Maitland and said, "Mal foi, son portrait ne la flatte pas, elle est plus jolie que lui."

¹ Subsequently, on seeing Mrs. Maitland herself

not aware of the circumstances that occasioned his condemnation; he was the first man to quit his ship, which was fought some time by her officers and crew after he had left her."¹ Napoleon continued, "I can see no sufficient reason why your ships should beat the French with so much ease. The finest men-of-war in your service are French; a French ship is heavier in every respect than one of yours, she carries more guns, those guns of a larger calibre, and has a great many more men." Then he added, "I hear that you take great pains in exercising your guns and training your men to fire at a mark." He questioned Captain Maitland as to the probability of success had he attempted to force his way out with the two frigates at Isle d'Aix, and was answered that though much might depend upon chance, the line-of-battle ship was more than a match for the two frigates in fighting power; and that in point of position as well, the advantage was on the same side, and in fact it was not probable that he could have made his escape.

Meanwhile the flagship *Superb* had anchored, and Captain Maitland went on board to report to the admiral, bearing from Napoleon a request that he might see the admiral, who replied that he would wait on him with pleasure, and in the course of the afternoon visited the *Bellerophon*, and joined the dinner-party. On this occasion, and all the time that Napoleon was on board, the dinner was served on his plate and arranged by his *maitre d'hôtel*, who was ordered by the captain to regulate everything in the manner most agreeable to his master. Napoleon chatted cheerfully and indifferently during the dinner and throughout the evening, and afterwards walked the quarter-deck for a short time, and withdrew to his cabin about half past seven; shortly afterwards the admiral wished to take leave, but was told by Count Bertrand that the emperor sent

his apologies but was undressed and going to bed. He always retired between eight and nine in the evening, and did not rise till the same hour in the morning, and yet frequently slept on the sofa in the course of the day. Another instance of this growing lethargy was given by the emperor's complaint when the *Bellerophon* was lying in Plymouth Sound, that the sentries' call of "All's well" disturbed him, and the blank musket shots occasionally fired from the guard boats at aggressive shore boats annoyed him and prevented his sleeping. This is the more remarkable when one remembers that in the plenitude of his powers Napoleon could always go off to sleep under any circumstances, and awake again apparently by sheer force of will.

The day after his embarkation Napoleon returned the visit of the admiral on board the *Superb*, and as in the *Bellerophon* requested that the officers might be introduced to him, and that he might be shown round the ship, which he inspected minutely.

The first question he asked was curious. He inquired was the *Superb* an English or a French ship! Of the marines he remarked to Count Bertrand, "How much might be done with a hundred thousand such soldiers as these?" but he condemned the method of fixing the bayonets, as he said they might be easily twisted off if seized by an enemy. On stepping into the *Bellerophon's* barge he observed to Captain Maitland, "What a very fine set of men you have got;" indeed, during his stay on board he seemed to take pleasure in making complimentary remarks, and always seemed most anxious to please. Shortly before leaving the *Bellerophon* he said, "There has been less noise in this ship, where there are six hundred men, during the whole of the time I have been in her, than there was on board the *Epervier*, with only one hundred, in the passage from Isle d'Aix to Basque Roads." Lord Keith, who was in command at Plymouth when the *Bellerophon* arrived, thought Napoleon's conversation so fas-

¹ Lord Cochrane, who commanded the attacking squadron at the Basque Roads, believed that the captain of the *Calcutta* was shot for having surrendered to his frigate, the *Impérieuse*, alone.

cinating, that when speaking of his wish for an interview with the prince regent he remarked emphatically, "If he had obtained an interview with his Royal Highness, in half an hour they would have been the best friends in England." On getting under weigh from the Basque Roads he said to the captain, "What I admire most in your ship, is the extreme silence and orderly conduct of your men; on board a French ship every one calls and gives orders, and they gabble like so many geese."

The first day at sea Napoleon was in good spirits, chatting cheerfully, and knowing that Captain Maitland had served under Sir Sydney Smith on the coast of Syria, he turned the conversation at dinner to that subject, asking the captain, "Did Sir Sydney Smith ever tell you the cause of his quarrel with me?" Being answered in the negative, "Then," said he, "I will." As sundry versions of this story have gone abroad, all more or less incorrect, we give it here in Napoleon's own words. "When the French army was before St. Jean d'Acre, he had a paper privately distributed among the officers and soldiers, tending to induce them to revolt and quit me; on which I issued a proclamation denouncing the English commanding officer as a madman, and prohibiting all intercourse with him. This nettled Sir Sydney so much that he sent me a challenge to meet him in single combat on the beach at Caiffa. My reply was, that when Marlborough appeared for that purpose I should be at his service, but I had other duties to fulfil besides fighting a duel with an English commodore."

There is no word here of the grenadier whom Napoleon is said to have proposed as his substitute according to M. Lanfrey and other writers. Before quitting the subject of Syria, Napoleon, patting Captain Maitland on the head as he sat next to him at the table, said: "If it had not been for you English, I should have been Emperor of the East; but wherever there is water to float a ship we are sure to find you in our way." On passing one of the

English cruisers off Brest, Napoleon wished to know if the ships in that port had hoisted the white flag. The question was asked by telegraph, and being answered in the affirmative, he made no remark, but merely asked how the question and answer had been conveyed, and approved of the usefulness of the system.

On arriving in Torbay, the ship was at once surrounded by a crowd of boats filled with persons from all directions, anxious to see so extraordinary a man as Buonaparte. He frequently came on deck and showed himself at the gangways and stern-windows for the purpose of gratifying their curiosity, of which, however, he remarked to the captain, the English appeared to have a very large portion.

From Torbay the *Bellerophon* was ordered to Plymouth, the most stringent orders being given that on no account should any communication be allowed with the shore.

It was not until the 31st of July, just a week after his first arrival in England, that Napoleon was formally notified of the intention of the government to transfer him to St. Helena. His mind had been so much prepared for this by the newspapers that he did not show any strong emotion at receiving the information, though he complained in bitter terms of the injustice of such a measure, saying, "*The idea of it is perfect horror to me — c'est pis que la cage de fer de Tamerlan*," and expressed a desire to write another letter to the prince regent. This he did; the letter was carried to Lord Keith the same afternoon, and by him forwarded immediately to London.

At dinner that day he conversed as usual, and Captain Maitland notes with astonishment with what elasticity his spirits regained their usual cheerfulness, though on several subsequent occasions he repeated the expression, "*Je n'irai pas à St.-Hélène*."

On the 4th of August the *Bellerophon* was ordered to be prepared to go to sea at a moment's notice, and Captain Maitland had to explain to Napoleon that it was the intention of the govern-

ment that his removal to the Northumberland, which was to take him to St. Helena, should take place at sea. Ever since the final decision of the government was made known, Count Bertrand had been requested to ascertain the wishes of his master as to the members of his suite who were to accompany him. On this occasion Bertrand was again pressed on the subject, but the only answer he returned was, "*L'Empereur n'irai pas à St.-Hélène.*"

About this time an attempt was made to serve a subpoena on Napoleon. A case was got up in which it was pretended that the presence of Napoleon as a witness was essential to the defence, and both Lord Keith and Captain Maitland were obliged to use great vigilance, and were put to considerable inconvenience in the effort to avoid the person endeavoring to serve the writ.

It was not until the 7th of August, the very day named for the transfer of Napoleon and his suite to the Northumberland, that Count Bertrand completed the list of those who were to go. They were Count Bertrand, his wife and three children, General Montholon, wife and one child, Count Las Cases and his son, and General Gourgaud, with, in all, twelve domestics. Napoleon also asked that Mr. O'Meara, the surgeon of the Bellerophon, might be allowed to accompany him, and this request was granted, and his French surgeon was allowed to return to France.

The fatal day had now arrived. All hope must be abandoned, the "*n'irai pas*" recalled, and Napoleon himself must have felt that his career was absolutely at an end. Now at this moment one would think that human nature must assert itself, and yet, indeed, from this most wonderful being not one burst of passion, not one sigh of regret, not one sign of weakness, conqueror at last — of himself.

He walked out of the cabin with a steady firm step, went to Captain Maitland, and taking off his hat said, "Captain Maitland, I take this last opportunity of once more returning you

my thanks for the manner in which you have treated me while on board the Bellerophon, and also to request you will convey them to the officers and ship's company you command." Turning to the officers he said, "Gentlemen, I have requested your captain to express my gratitude to you for your attention to me, and to those who have followed my fortunes." He then went forward to the gangway, and, before stepping over the side, bowed two or three times to the ship's company who were collected in the waist, and on the forecabin; the ladies and officers of the suite, and lastly, Lord Keith, followed.

When the boat was some thirty yards from the ship he stood up, took off his hat and bowed, first to the officers and then to the men, sat down, and entered into conversation with Lord Keith with apparent unconcern, as if he had only been going from one ship to the other to pay a visit. Shortly before quitting the ship Napoleon sent General Montholon to the captain with a kind message saying that he had hoped to be able to ask of the prince regent, as a favor, that Captain Maitland be promoted to the rank of rear-admiral, and that he meant to have presented him with a box containing his portrait. The captain explained that such a request could not have been complied with, as such promotion was contrary to the rules of the service, and moreover that it was quite impossible under the circumstances that he could receive any present. Montholon replied, "the emperor is perfectly aware of the delicacy of your situation and approves of your conduct." Soon afterwards the Northumberland and her consorts made sail for St. Helena, the Tonnant and Bellerophon returning to Plymouth.

Such was the close of the most wonderful career that modern history at least has on record.

But where is he, the modern, mightier far,
Who, born no king, made monarchs draw
his car.

.

Whose game was empires, and whose stakes
were thrones ;
Whose table earth, whose dice were human
bones ?

Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,
And, as thy nature urges, weep or smile !

A few words as to the personal appearance of this wonderful man as described by Captain Maitland at the time of his surrender. Napoleon Buonaparte, when he came on board the *Bellerophon*, wanted one month of completing his forty-sixth year. He was then a remarkably strong, well built man, about five feet seven inches high, his limbs particularly well-formed, with a fine ankle and a very small foot of which he seemed rather vain, as he always wore, while on board the ship, silk stockings and shoes. His hands were also very small, and had the plumpness of a woman's rather than the robustness of a man's. His eyes light grey, teeth good, when he smiled the expression of his countenance highly pleasing, but under disappointment of a dark gloomy cast. Hair a very dark brown, a little thin on the top but without a grey hair. His complexion was a very uncommon one being of a light sallow color, differing from almost any other I ever met with. From his having become corpulent he had lost much of his personal activity, and according to those who attended him a very considerable portion of his mental energy was also gone.

Once, during his stay on board the *Bellerophon*, he showed signs of emotion and distress. He was speaking of his wife and child, and said, "I feel the conduct of the allied sovereigns to be more cruel and unjustifiable towards me in that respect," his separation from them, "than in any other." I looked steadily in his face, says Maitland, as he expressed himself thus; the tears were standing in his eyes,

and the whole of his countenance appeared evidently under the influence of a strong feeling of grief.

As Maitland had never heard Napoleon speak of Waterloo or of the Duke of Wellington he asked Count Bertrand what Napoleon thought of the duke. "I will give you his opinion in his own words," he replied. "'The Duke of Wellington, in the management of an army, is fully equal to myself, with the advantage of possessing more prudence.'"

One more characteristic story and we must close. The captain wishing to know the feeling of the ship's company, asked his servant what the men said of the illustrious captive. "Sir," he answered, "I heard several of them conversing together about him, when one of them observed 'Well, they may abuse that man as much as they please; but if the people of England knew him as well as we do, they would not hurt a hair of his head,' in which the others agreed." This was the more extraordinary, adds the captain, as owing to his presence they suffered many privations, not being allowed to see wives and friends, or to go on shore, having to keep watch in port, etc.

Captain Maitland, from whose narrative the foregoing article is for the most part taken, was a cadet of the Lauderdale family. Entering the navy when very young he had seen a good deal of active service before obtaining command of the *Bellerophon*. Under Sir Sydney Smith he assisted in the defeat of Acre, and in co-operating with Abercromby's army in Egypt. In 1809 he commanded the thirty-six gun frigate *Emerald* under Lord Cochrane at the destruction of the French fleet at Aix Roads. He was finally commander-in-chief in the East Indies, and died on that station in 1839.

